The Explosion That Cleared the Air

June 9, 1960 25¢

A Dead End in Italy's Politics

THE REPORTER

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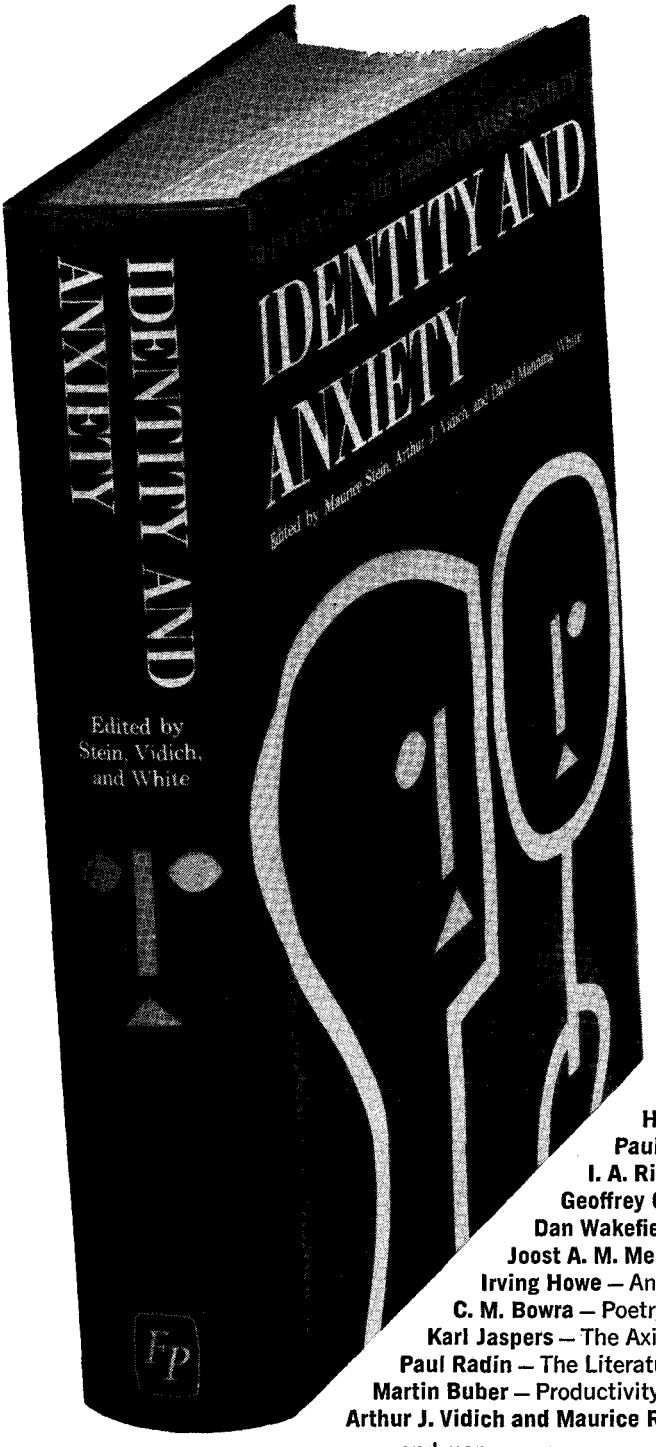

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edited by Maurice Stein,
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Partial Contents

Margaret Mead – Culture Change and Character Structure
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C. Wright Mills – On Reason and Freedom
Rollo May – Centrality of the Problems of Anxiety
Frieda Fromm-Reichmann—Psychiatric Aspects of Anxiety
Harvey Swados – The Myth of the Happy Worker
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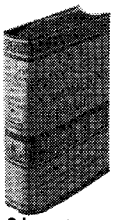

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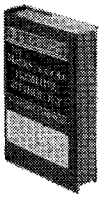

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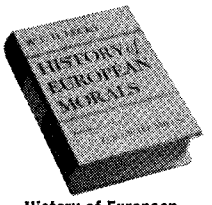

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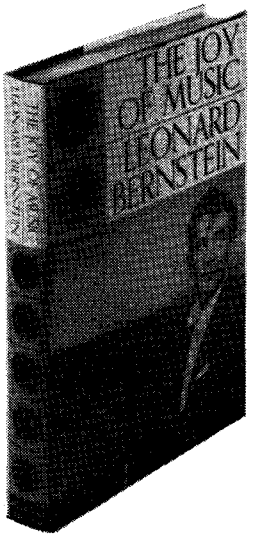

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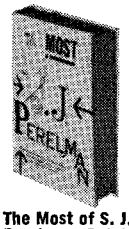

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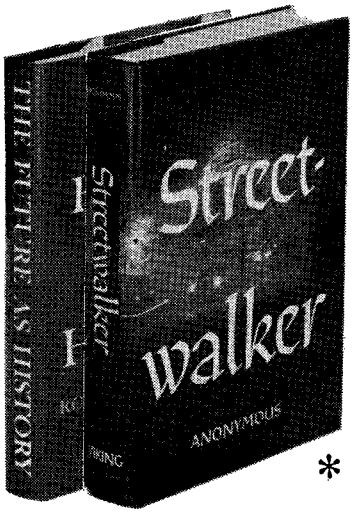

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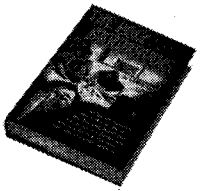

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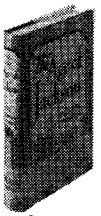

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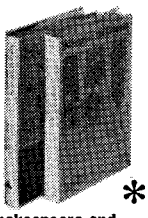

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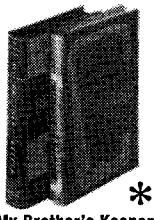

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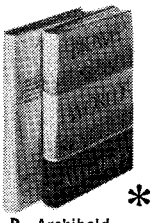

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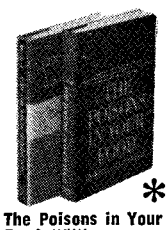

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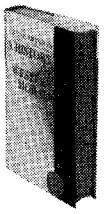

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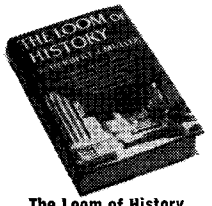

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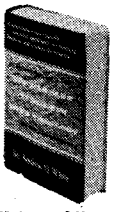

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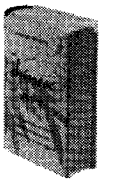

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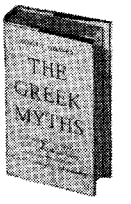

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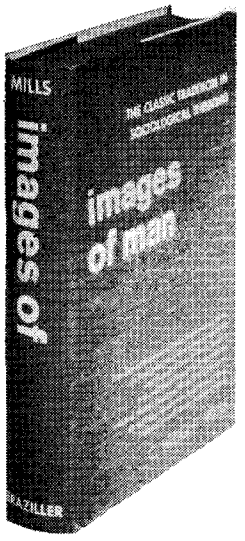

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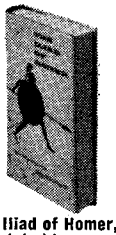

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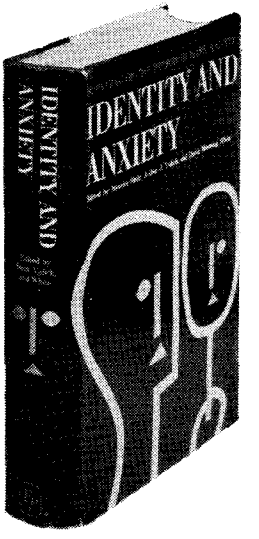

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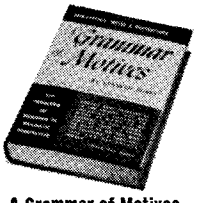

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Commencement

This is the traditional time to congratulate the young men and women who are receiving their college degrees. But this year it somehow seems more appropriate to congratulate those fortunate youngsters who have been accepted as college freshmen next fall.

At the same time that a college degree seems to have become a prerequisite for advancement in almost any white-collar job, it is becoming more and more difficult to get into college, and the pressure on the better private and even state institutions is immense. The flood of applications has been swollen not only by the size of the "war baby" generation but also because of the fact that more and more families want and expect to send their children to college.

The result is messy to an extreme. How can a college that has five times as many applicants as it has openings be sure of choosing wisely? How can anyone decide which youngsters will make the most out of a college education on the basis of academic records from vastly differing secondary schools, a few tests consisting of a mass-graded essay and some often ambiguously worded multiple-choice questions, and a twenty-minute interview with a junior dean to evaluate "personality"? Some Eastern colleges also feel a need to select a freshman class that represents geographical diversity, which automatically gives the boy from Iowa a head start over the equally deserving boy whose parents happen to live in Westchester County. There are also a good many subtler pressures involved, the most innocuous of which is the attraction of old school ties.

A number of critics of these somewhat capricious procedures propose that a greater emphasis be placed on standardized tests. But we know enough about the pretensions of those who prepare and administer tests on a massive scale to suspect that there is perhaps nothing more capricious and arrogant than such tests. Youth is still a time of unexpected, unpredictable growth. Shortly after the war T. S. Eliot returned to his alma mater on the banks of the Charles in Cambridge and, after observing the competitive race among the G.I.-bill undergraduates to convert good grades into good jobs with insurance companies, remarked that he was appalled at how hard the students were working; he apparently stood in some doubt as to whether the grinding preparation to parrot the desired answers on tests could be equated with what we like to call a liberal education. The situation has not improved. In fact, the unhealthy fear that each answer one gives may determine one's entire lifetime success or failure infects not only college undergraduates but also youngsters still in junior high and elementary schools who hope to go to college.

Frankly, we do not know the answer. The only hope we see lies in the improvement of all our colleges —and the realization that many institutions that do not enjoy the social prestige of the Ivy League are already equipped to provide an excellent education to those who want it. To those who have been admitted to the college of their choice, we offer our congratulations. To those who haven't, we offer the reminder that the real process of education can, at best, only start in the halls of learning and reaches its fullness only when the halls of learning are outgrown.

TIROS, MIDAS, SAMOS

Little eyes
In the skies,
Do you think you can surmise
A surprise?
On your rounds
Without bounds
Can you capture warring sounds
On the ground?
If you can,
Maybe man
Will be made custodian
Of his span,
And the sphere,
Now so clear,
Will be world without frontier:
i.e., fear.

—SEC

Perfect Co-ordination

We have no way of knowing whether Adlai Stevenson actually uttered the rather preposterous views on Berlin, the test ban, etc., that were attributed to him by French correspondent Robert Boulay in an article that appeared in *Paris-Presse L'Intransigeant* on May 15, the day before the summit meetings were to begin in Paris. But it is interesting to note the Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance relationship that brought this embarrassing interview back across the Atlantic and thrust it into the partisan political arena with such speed.

Boulay visited this country under the auspices of the State Department's cultural-exchange program. As part of his cultural indoctrination, on April 16 he was taken for a visit to Stevenson's farm in Libertyville, Illinois, where he had an opportunity to engage him in a leisurely discussion of world problems. There is some dispute about whether it was an "interview." According to Stevenson, he did not anticipate that a long informal talk, during which no notes were taken, would be published as a verbatim transcript. However good Mr. Boulay's English may be, there is reason to doubt that his memory could be so precise. Certainly Stevenson did not time the story's publication, as Senator Dirksen has intimated, for the eve of the summit crisis.

On Tuesday morning, May 17, there was a flurry of activity in Washington as a *Time* researcher tried to obtain a copy of *Paris-Presse*. One

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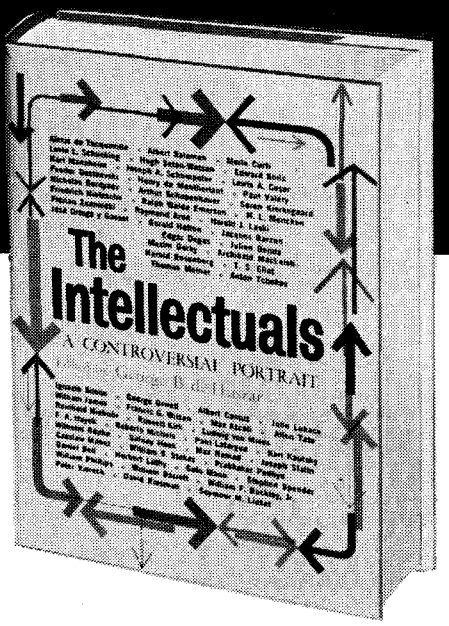

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"No one has ever called me an intellectual in my presence."—*Bertrand Russell*

Why do American intellectuals complain on the one hand of being "alienated" and on the other hand of being "forced to conform" (and could they be wrong on both counts)?...Why are the avant-garde magazines no longer avant garde?...Have the benefits of the welfare state turned intellectuals (like juvenile delinquents) into rebels without a cause?...Why are the intellectuals of Asia so proficient at liberating their countries and such failures at solving their problems afterwards? Are American intellectuals underpaid (and if so, what are European intellectuals so envious about)?...Is the Age of Specialization transforming the intellectual into a learned Ignoramus? These are just a few of the intellectual phenomena studied, diagnosed and dissected with delightful erudition, and with utterly fascinating frankness that leaves the 600 pages of THE INTELLECTUALS strewn with the broken bits of fallen idols and the bleached bones of sacred cows.

"To be too conscious is an illness."
—*Dostoevsky*

It took some of the world's most famous intellectuals to write this book (who else would have dared?). Albert Camus, T. S. Eliot, Raymond Aron, Harold J. Laski, Sidney Hook, Stephen Spender, and Reinhold Niebuhr are just a few of them. Together they do for the intelligentsia something akin to what Audubon did for ornithology and Gibbon did for the Roman Empire.

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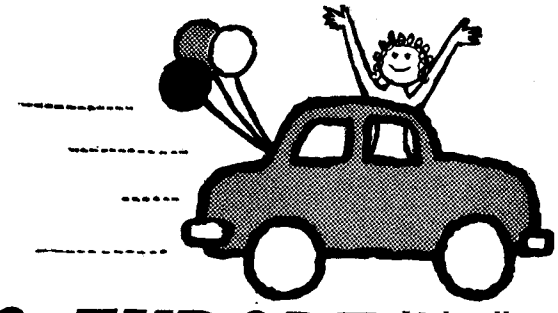

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was finally located in the office of a French correspondent. But the correspondent was away at the summit conference. His secretary, who was taking the day off, was urgently persuaded to go to the office and turn over the copy.

But evidently *Time's* need was not as great as that of others. At three o'clock that afternoon Vice-President Nixon's plane took off for a political tour of upstate New York, carrying, among others, James Shepley, chief of national correspondents of *Time,* currently on leave to serve as "director of research" for the Vice-President. (Boulay himself is a *Time-Life* stringer in Paris.) En route, Shepley circulated among the reporters on board the copy of *Paris-Presse* together with an English translation that he had thoughtfully prepared. Pertinent portions were underlined with red pencil.

It all calls to mind the recent autobiography of T. S. Matthews, in which the former editor of *Time* declared that "the Presidential campaign of 1940 was the last one that *Time* even tried to report fairly." It begins to look as if this year, too, that organization is not going to limit its activities to mere reporting.

Of Things to Come

All day long during the four decisive days of the abortive meetings in Paris, we learn from our correspondent Edmond Taylor, Soviet and satellite press officers and correspondents prowled the lobbies of the Palais de Chaillot generously spreading misinformation and registering what were supposed to be significant reactions. At any given moment what one Communist group put out was likely to be in flagrant contradiction with the line taken by others, and occasionally the rumors put out in the morning would be denied in the afternoon by the individuals who had originally spread them. The conference itself was alternately killed off and revived half a dozen times by the Communist confusion teams.

One reporter was told by a satellite press official that the chances for saving the conference were getting brighter just half an hour before Khrushchev gave it the *coup de grâce* by turning down de Gaulle's appeal for a new four-power discus-

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sion at the Elysée. "News" that Khrushchev was leaving for Berlin to sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany flashed around the lobbies and press rooms almost as often.

It might be argued that the Communist correspondents were merely overstimulated and underinformed like their western colleagues, but in the absence of clear official guidance Communist newspapermen usually keep their mouths shut or content themselves with a few Marxist platitudes. Obviously, something queer was going on.

But unless the Communist witch doctors have driven themselves crazy, they are as well aware as western psychological-warfare experts that promoting confusion for its own sake is useful only in special situations and for limited periods. The scale and intensity of Communist efforts to sow confusion in Paris are ominously suggestive of impending large-scale moves to exploit it. Where? In his whirlwind press conference Khrushchev kept the guessing game going by stressing not only Berlin but also Africa, Latin America, Formosa, and the Middle East.

A Truthful Man

We record with sorrow the death, on May 23, of Leo Casey. According to an editorial in the New York *Times*, "He had a long career as a newspaperman and public relations man before he took on his last assignment, on the firing line at the New York City Transit Authority. There, as director of public relations, Leo Casey earned the handsome tribute, so discerningly appropriate, written of him by the authority: 'He was a great fighter for the principle of truthfulness, even when the truth hurt.'"

It was to Casey's devotion to the principle of truthfulness that *The Reporter* owes a remarkable piece of information which appeared in the first installment of our China Lobby series (April 15, 1952). As we reported in the article, in the fall of 1950, Casey, an employee of a New York public relations firm called Allied Syndicates, Inc., was rushed to California by his employer to organize "Independents for Nixon," in Richard Nixon's Senate campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas. Casey did his job, but Nixon's victory was not the end of his labors, for he was told by a man who was quite influential in the firm that he had to go to Washington and "deliver Nixon to the major."

The major was Louis Kung, son of H. H. Kung and nephew of Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Casey was told that his work in the California election had been done for the "China account." He already knew that his firm was retained by the Bank of China, but was shocked that anyone could brazenly ask him to "deliver" a senator to a foreign agent. "Soon afterward," to quote from our article, "Mr. Casey left the firm, went to Washington, and told his story to Senator Nixon, who thanked him for the information."

These Things Were Said

¶ Hagerty was Tom Dewey's longtime press secretary. "The conversion of Dewey into a lovable public character," says a friend, "will always remain Jim's masterpiece."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

¶ Mr. Nixon's supporters were shaken, but hardly glum . . . . . An economic decline, they concede, could be a deadly blow, but as long as the general level of the economy remains high they doubt that he is seriously hurt by the new international developments. In fact, most Republicans believe that the Vice President is peculiarly qualified to work either side of the "peace issue."—*New York Times.*

¶ STATEHOOD YEAR saw Kilauea Volcano on November rampage . . . . . a firepit which hadn't seen action in many years . . . . . Real thriller with lava fountains shooting to 1,700 feet . . . . . After temporary lull . . . . . another flare-up . . . . . This time along Puna rift . . . . . near ocean . . . . . 20 miles southeast of Hilo . . . . . Devastation of sugar land worth $2 million . . . . . Scenic Warm Springs and Kapoho town wiped out . . . . . Lava now hitting ocean . . . . . Day and night sightseeing trips . . . . . all-air and air-ground . . . . . Price from $42.57 to $57.50 . . . . . A once-in-a-lifetime must for your clients . . . . . and tragedy for Puna residents.—*Promotion letter from Inter Island-Trade Wind Tours of Hawaii.*

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OLD AGE'S AGE-OLD PROBLEM

To the Editor: The article by Edward T. Chase in the May 26 *Reporter* fairly presents both sides of "The Fight over the Forand Bill." I should like to add only a few observations.

In 1958, the Philadelphia Blue Cross collected $3.5 million in premiums from its subscribers who were over sixty-five years of age, and paid out $9.7 million to meet their hospital bills. If these old people had been insured at their age as an isolated group, they would have been obliged to pay more than $10 million in premiums. Yet this is the pattern the administration in Washington and the Javits-Keating bill propose to follow—have government assume a substantial part of the excessive cost by levying a tax of $1.3 billion from the general public.

The purpose of the administration and of the Republican senators is to give their program a voluntary aspect. But the voluntary feature is obscured by the huge compulsory tax burden which they would inflict upon the entire population.

In contrast to the confusion and the administrative expense involved in collecting annual premiums from poor old people at a stage of life when they no longer have any earned income, the Social Security Act offers a simple method for collecting the contributions during their years of employment without additional expense so that virtually every contributed dollar would be available after retirement to pay for the required benefits in time of need.

Many retired aged persons become medically indigent when chronic illness strikes and cannot pay their hospital bills. Social Security insurance that would enable the aged to meet these bills would go a long way to reduce the present hospital deficits without interfering in any way with the running of the hospitals, or with the freedom of the patient to select the hospital of his choice. Hospitals are clamoring for adequate payments by government to reimburse them for the care of the indigent and the medically indigent. It is therefore paradoxical that the American Hospital Association and the Blue Cross Associations should oppose a simple amendment to the Social Security Act which would eliminate the major cause of hospital deficits and thereby help them reduce hospital charges and Blue Cross rates to the rest of the public.

GEORGE BAEHR, M.D.
New York City

To the Editor: Your recent articles on health insurance and political reactions have been exceptionally thorough and illuminating. However, the report on the Forand-bill debate tended to inflame rather than edify.

The phrasing "most fiercely cherished right of organized medicine, the right to charge what the traffic will bear," exemplifies the reasoning. I'd like to note that responsible men in government, insurance, and the medical professions are sincerely striving to evolve a means of financing modern medical care for an aging population in a changing economy.

A framework of free choice and mutual patient-physician responsibility will continue our most fiercely cherished right to the best patient care.

ESMOND BRAUN, M.D.
Detroit

To the Editor: Edward T. Chase's article is an excellent analysis of the health issues pending in Congress.

The administration plan, by relying entirely on Federal and state general-revenue financing, would make the program completely dependent on the budgetary situation in Congress and the states. Benefits could be restricted, eliminated, or inflated, depending solely on fiscal and political factors.

The only practical way of meeting the health needs of the aged today is through the contributory social insurance system with benefits as a matter of statutory right.

WILBUR J. COHEN
Professor of Public Welfare Administration
University of Michigan School of Social Work
Ann Arbor

To the Editor: In Mr. Chase's excellent wrap-up of the stormy conflict in the Senate concerning the Forand bill, I believe there is another aspect of medical care for the aged that has been overlooked, not only by Mr. Chase but by the press in general.

Mr. Chase points out that almost forty per cent of those over sixty-five have incomes in excess of $1,000 a year. This means, of course, that if a family is supporting anyone in a nursing home, or a hospital, or a sanatorium who has an income of a little over $1,000 a year, the family involved cannot, by law, deduct the expenses of the elder member. In short, the law says that the family is not supporting the aged person in the nursing home.

The worst part of the situation is that it hurts the people who have saved and saved to have a modest income during retirement. And it is safe to say, I believe, that this aspect of old-age care is one of the reasons why young families today find they are unable to help their parents or grandparents as much as they would like.

The cost of medical care has gone up. Social Security benefits have increased. But there has been no easing of the tax structure to allow families to take care of their own.

Mr. Chase points out that welfare

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experts believe there are many degrading aspects to Old Age Assistance. Yet what could be more degrading, or more destructive to the family unit, than to have to face up to the fact that the family can no longer afford to provide the best of care for beloved parents because of the financial beating it takes in our present tax structure?

BRUCE LEE
New York City

PRESSURE ON THE PRESS

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's charges against the American press ("What's Wrong with Our Press?," *The Reporter*, May 12) may have some basis of fact, but a labeling of the television industry as the goddess of unbiased news coverage is a little more than a newspaperman can take.

Primarily, television is not free to take sides. Federal regulations enforce the "equal time" fetish of the FCC, since television is highly vulnerable to Federal control. If I give editorial support to a particular candidate, I cannot be forced to give the same column-inch space ratio to his opponent. Television is forced to be bipartisan, at least in relation to actual time of broadcast.

Another point which your staff writer overlooked is the possibility of control of television news coverage by public relations. Nelson Rockefeller's recent New York gubernatorial campaign is an example. With his financial advantage, he was able to provide local television stations with filmed reports of his activities, giving him a distinct advantage in the campaign.

The lack of bias in television "documentaries" is also subject to question. Recent "reports" on the American Indian situation have completely distorted the issues in favor of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, casting both Indians and whites in the areas as villains, thieves, or drunkards. Worst of all, these documentaries parade under the guise of the "objectivity" which your writer disparages in the press.

We may be biased, and usually are, but we admit our editorial stands and seldom try to cover up our prejudices through the subterfuge of "background news coverage."

BOB DAVIS, Editor
The Poplar *Standard*
Poplar, Montana

Miss Mannes replies:

As with any excerpting (the comments printed in this magazine constituted only half of the speech as given), many points were left out which modified or documented the statements excerpted. In my original speech I mentioned as exceptions to my charges against the American press as a whole not only the five or six first-rank newspapers, but examples of regional papers in various communities which, because they had courageous and independent editors, served the public good.

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The father's wages supported his wife and little son Nicholas adequately. When Demetra was expected they were overjoyed. Two months before Demetra was born the father died of pneumonia. Demetra thinks he might have recovered if she could have nursed him. She dreams of being a nurse and helping other people.

Mrs. Kouropdos encourages Demetra's dream. But deep in her heart she doubts that it can ever be. Since her husband's death, they have moved to a tiny room. Her own health will not permit her to work. Her small pension will not support 2 children. To send Demetra to school she had to place her son in an orphanage.

Demetra knows that without help she too may be separated from her mother. Still she holds to her dream . . . she will become a nurse and help someone in need like the father she never knew.

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A BORZOI BOOK

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Now that the dust is settling, we feel somewhat shaken but on the whole relieved. In a number of editorials on the coming summit meeting or, as once he put it, on the constantly rotating summit, **Max Ascoli** expressed his profound misgivings concerning the whole process of summitry. Now he is not in condition, any more than is anyone else, to explain why Khrushchev brought to a disastrous end the show he had so assiduously prepared, but he is confident that at least as long as Khrushchev remains at the head of the Soviet empire, there is going to be no more summitry. This perhaps will turn out to be a break. . . . **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, traces the unhappy series of transparent alibis and stratagems without a strategy that have come out of Washington since May Day. . . . While our government has bungled sadly through the past few weeks, Khrushchev has done some pretty impressive bungling himself. In fact, according to **George Bailey,** our regular Berlin correspondent, most West Germans agree that he has actually outbungled us and that, taken all in all, the U-2-Paris-Berlin sequence has been the best thing that has happened for the West in a long while. . . . With the debacle of the summit, we shall be hearing more about America's vulnerability to massive nuclear attack. **Fred Greene,** associate professor of political science at Williams College, and an Army intelligence officer in the Pacific during the war, argues that while our military strategy must obviously be prepared to meet such an attack, we must avoid being hypnotized by the problem of the "greatest threat."

THE MACHINERY of representative government in Italy has ground almost to a stop. On May 5, after a seventy-one-day crisis during which three premiers rose and fell, the Christian Democrats, who have managed, though not too brilliantly, to keep the parliamentary system functioning for fifteen years, have promised to dissolve the present government in six months, and have agreed, at least for this period, to remain in power with the support of the neo-Fascists. **Claire Sterling** is our Mediterranean correspondent. . . . **Marya Mannes** contributes the fourth essay in her series on New York. Our readers will recall her earlier descriptive writing on "The West Seventies," "Central Park," and "Park Avenue." . . . Listeners to the Voice of America transmitter in Tangier may hear Moroccan claims to large areas of the French and Spanish Sahara and the Federation of Mali and to the whole of Mauretania. At other times they may be treated to what the French call "straight F.L.N. propaganda." **Edmond Taylor,** our Paris correspondent, points out that leasing VOA air time to the Moroccans for "Voice of Algeria" and "Voice of the Sahara" broadcasts has hardly endeared us to the French and is at best a risky gamble in the uncertain political climate of Morocco. . . . **Ralph McGill,** publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution,* won the 1960 Lauterbach Award for distinguished service in the field of civil liberties.

LISTENING in Moscow to a young Russian sympathizing with the plight of India's poor had the effect of making **Santha Rama Rau** homesick. Her subsequent return to her native land was no disappointment. Miss Rama Rau's most recent book is *My Russian Journey* (Harper). Her London adaptation for the theater of E. M. Forster's famous novel *A Passage to India* has recently received great critical acclaim and moreover has proved to be a popular hit at London's Comedy Theatre. . . . **Fred Grunfeld,** one of our regular music contributors, discusses Germany's hundred years of lilacs and *lieder.* . . . **George Steiner,** a frequent contributor who has been teaching at Princeton, is the author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* (Knopf). . . . **Alfred Kazin** is co-editor of *Emerson: A Modern Anthology* (Houghton Mifflin).

Our cover, an impression of Italian architecture, is by **Paul Nonay.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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MAX ASCOLI

The Air Is Cleared

"Summitry," not just the summit meeting, died unborn. The establishment of communications between East and West is more than ever needed, for we have just seen what a frightening role mere bad luck or deliberate ill will can play in the relations between the two power blocs. But these relationships cannot be made manageable or predictable by the recurrent togetherness of the great heads of government—particularly when one of them is Nikita Khrushchev.

In the legitimate urge to assess the faults of our administration, we must not forget that the latest round of pre-summit discussions and high-level tourism was started by Nikita Khrushchev on Thanksgiving Day, 1958, when he put us on notice about West Berlin. His histrionic talents were particularly suited to the international circuit, and the meetings at the top were to become a seasonal feature. Then the great ham himself decided, or was made to decide, that the traveling act must come to an end. In Paris, with the whole world listening and looking, he told the President straight to his face that he, Dwight D. Eisenhower, had to make a full confession of guilt and inflict abject punishment on himself.

From now on, Khrushchev may suffer from some claustrophobia, for his travels will be within the boundaries of the Communist empire and neighboring regions. The West is off limits. In the western part of the world, it is not conceivable to have international negotiations conducted with the procedure of the Soviet criminal trials.

The question cannot be answered now but it must be asked: Why did he do it? Why did he have to destroy a system of communication with the West that he himself had developed to suit his exigencies and temperament? Why, above all, did he do it at a time when our government was greatly embarrassed by the plain evidence of its bungling?

There may be many whys, including the one that he has to contend with a China Lobby at home, the like of which has not been seen anywhere in the world. Maybe it is for this reason that after having announced at his Paris press conference the imminent signing of a peace treaty with East Germany, he forgot about the whole project when he found himself in East Berlin. There had been a disposition among western leaders to accept East German officials as Khrushchev's agents. But what, the hapless man may have thought, if they turn out to be Mao's?

For all we know, he may now feel relieved that nothing has been achieved, and that there has been and will be no more summit. The present balance of forces between and inside the two blocs is so immensely delicate that any minor shift can produce disastrous consequences. Perhaps Khrushchev feared success.

Until Paris, most thoughtful people used to say that in Russia only Khrushchev counts, for only Khrushchev can decide. As a result of Paris, the Russian dictator has deprived himself of his diplomatic credentials. Was it deliberate, or was it madness? We are inclined to believe that even when he acted like a madman, he kept his insanity under tight, cool control.

It is reasonable to conclude that the man is besieged by troubles of immoderate proportions. Dictators are egocentric, secretive masters of compromise. Their game is that of balancing opposite forces by using rewards and threats, in order to maintain and increase their power. But their power is actually never absolute, unlimited, or unconditioned. The illusion of infinity comes from the secretiveness with which their game is played. Secretiveness itself cannot be maintained for too long. Khrushchev knows this better than anybody else, for he is the one who dramatically dispelled the secrets of the Stalin era.

When, how, and from whom are we to learn the causes of Khrushchev's recent behavior? Learn we certainly will, and we will not have long to wait if our politicians with Presidential aspirations let Khrushchev and the whole world realize that they fully appreciate the irretrievable nature of the wrecking job he has done. He has put an end to summitry, to the exchange of ceremonial visits between representatives of irreconcilably antagonistic orders. He doesn't want Eisenhower's visit to Russia, and it is devoutly to be hoped that there is not a single politician in our midst who fancies himself as the American President who will tour Moscow, chaperoned by Khrushchev. There has been enough chatter about sledge hammer and crowbar: the wreck is beyond repair.

Yet with the insane armament race going on unabated, some measure of understanding with Soviet Russia for the reduction of armaments is imperatively and urgently needed. No matter what kind of supreme leaders may emerge in the West and in the East, some of the discretion and wisdom that are demanded of them can be farmed out. Already one organization is in existence fully capable of suggesting to the major powers how a synchronized reduction of armaments can be achieved. This organization—the U.N. Secretariat—we shall discuss in a later issue.

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A Chronicle of Confusion

DOUGLASS CATER

WASHINGTON

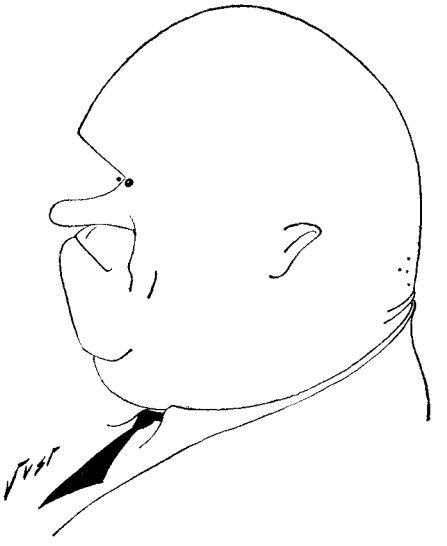
IF IT HAD BEEN CLOUDY over the Soviet Union on May 1, Francis Gary Powers's flight would have been canceled. A moratorium on flights across the Soviet Union had been ordered to go into effect the very next day, I have been told reliably, and it was to last until after President Eisenhower's post-summit visit there in June.

But once pilot Powers had come down alive twelve hundred miles inside the Soviet border, American misfortunes were entirely man-made. The two weeks before the summit conference consisted of a crisis in phases. In trying to get away from one blunder, the U.S. government stumbled hard into the next.

The first phase was an exercise in the use of intelligence to find out what the Soviets were up to and counterintelligence to mislead them, if possible, about what we were up to. There is reason to believe that U.S. agents knew fairly quickly of the plane's loss as well as the depth of its penetration into Soviet territory. Yet, on May 2, a prepackaged "cover" story was put out, having little relevancy to the origin or destination of Powers's flight. From Turkey an announcement was issued that a weather plane was believed missing. Rescue planes were sent to search the rugged mountain area near Lake Van in northeastern Turkey even though Powers had taken off from Pakistan. When an item about this appeared in the newspapers, it is now surmised, Khrushchev saw his opportunity to set a trap.

On May 5, Khrushchev baited the trap with great skill, angrily announcing to the Supreme Soviet that a U.S. plane had been "shot down" by a Soviet rocket, but mentioning neither the locale nor the fate of plane and pilot. Articles in the Soviet press indicated that the incident occurred in Soviet Armenia, just across the border from Turkey. Our intelligence experts, reportedly confident that if a rocket had hit the plane it would have left little evidence, were complacent about the Soviet gambit.

As a result, the intelligence-counterintelligence exercise rolled on in Washington without plan or co-ordination. Shortly after Khrushchev spoke, White House Press Secretary James Hagerty told reporters that the President had ordered an investi-



gation and that statements would be issued shortly by NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) and the State Department. Both hastened to put out news releases that afternoon that were elaborations of the original story supplied by the Air Weather Service in Turkey. No one thought to caution NASA information officer Walter T. Bonney or State Department press officer Lincoln White that it was actually a "cover" that should be treated circumspectly. Both carried out their assigned roles with unsuspecting fervor. Bonney ridiculed the notion that the slow-flying U-2 could be used for anything but meteorological purposes. White, next day, went one step further by stating emphatically, "There was absolutely no—N-O, no—deliberate attempt to violate the Soviet air space, and there has never been."

The failure to co-ordinate had a fateful consequence. When asked by newsmen to identify the missing pilot, White begged off with the excuse that the pilot's mother was suffering a serious heart condition and could not stand the shock. But NASA released Powers's name anyway, thus providing Khrushchev with just what he needed to spring his trap. He had Powers, "alive and kicking," and he had caught him near Sverdlovsk, far away from the Turkish border. There was no possibility for NASA to save face any longer by disowning Powers or by pretending that it had been searching for a different plane. Our civilian space agency had been gravely compromised by association with the espionage business. The intelligence-counterintelligence phase ended in total Soviet victory.

There was an interesting footnote to this phase. On the same day that Khrushchev first announced the downing of an American plane, reporters in Washington were given a background briefing at the State Department. There was no mention of the U-2's real mission. Instead, they were cautioned that while Khrushchev voiced traditional Russian sensitivity to border intrusions, there was no reason to believe the incident would disrupt the summit conference.

Who's in Charge?

A second phase began on Saturday, May 7, with a day-long, panic-ridden session at the State Department following Khrushchev's gleeful and detailed announcement of Powers' capture. Much about that day remains a mystery. It is known that Allen

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Dulles, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, was quite prepared to play the intelligence agent's traditional role of accepting all the blame. But Secretary of State Herter, after telephone consultations with Eisenhower at Gettysburg, decided otherwise. Several factors seemed to have influenced the decision to make a partial public confession: First, there was humiliation over being caught in a lie. Second, some of those involved in the discussions shared a desire to reveal this penetration of the boasted Soviet air defenses during the past four years and viewed it as a chance to embarrass Khrushchev. And third, some felt that it offered an opportunity to propagandize about "open" societies versus "closed" societies.

In making the decision to publicize this highly secret espionage activity, Herter neglected to consult his two top information men, the Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, Andrew Berding, and the Deputy Assistant Secretary, Edwin Kretzmann. Both saw the State Department release only after it had been issued to the press shortly after six o'clock that evening. Over at NASA, poor Bonney had just finished putting out a list of Khrushchev's "contradictions."

Actually, Herter's release, bearing Eisenhower's sanction, was a compromise with candor. While conceding that a U-2 flight "probably" had been undertaken for information-gathering purposes, there was the hedge that ". . . insofar as the authorities in Washington are concerned, there was no authorization for any such flight as described by Mr. Khrushchev."

In diplomatic parlance, the phase "as described by Mr. Khrushchev" served as the necessary hedge to make it literally accurate. But to anyone versed in the interpellative powers of Congress and the Washington press corps, there could be little expectation that this nicety of language would be long respected. By Monday, May 9, there was need to answer the irrepressible question: Who was in charge?

ACCORDING TO ONE INSIDER, the dilemma presented to the administration had cruel horns: whether to preserve for the President the personal noninvolvement proffered by Khrushchev or whether to proclaim that he really was master in his own house. There is reason to believe that election-year sensitivity at least partly dictated the decision. Herter's second statement revealed that there had been Presidential authorization for the flights though not for "specific missions."

For some reason Herter was not content to leave it at that. He declared that the United States government would be derelict not to take such measures and that "In fact, the United States has not and *does not shirk this responsibility.*" (*Italics added.*) Two days later, Eisenhower added to the impression that the flights were being continued by speaking of them—in the present tense—as a "distasteful but vital necessity."

During the week before the summit, it seemed to be a deliberate policy to leave this point unclear. State Department information officers could offer reporters no guidance. Press Secretary Hagerty categorically knocked down a story by

James Reston of the New York *Times* that the President had, in fact, ordered a suspension of the flights. (Hagerty was to be the source of more than one piece of misinformation during this period.) As the date of the summit conference approached, only George V. Allen, director of the United States Information Agency, took the trouble to point out on the TV program "College News Conference" that Herter's words left some ambiguity.

This evasiveness was a stratagem with apparently no strategy behind it. According to one highly placed intelligence officer, the flights had been doomed from the moment Powers was caught, if for no other reason than the sensitivity of our allies about further use of the bases. But for some reason—or lack of reason—no one would admit this inevitability until after Khrushchev had delivered his bitter personal attack on Eisenhower. At that point, Eisenhower's concession seemed more a retreat before bullying than a decisive act of policy.

Nixon's Counterattack

The third and, it was hoped, final phase of the U-2 crisis was anticipated with some eagerness around Washington. This was to be the phase of the counteroffensive, marked by the unmasking of Khrushchevian hypocrisy on matters of spying and by other wondrous revelations only vaguely hinted at. Among other things, some Republicans in Congress predicted that there might be a public exhibition of all that we had learned while plane-spying on the Soviets. It would, they intimated, be an eye-opener, what with cameras that could photograph golf balls from sixty thousand feet.

Strangely, the counteroffensive seemed to have difficulty getting under way. Various officials referred to the "well-known" facts of Soviet espionage. Senator Karl E. Mundt (R., South Dakota) had the Library of Congress prepare a list of Communist spy cases which he dutifully inserted in the *Congressional Record.* But there was little evidence of much forethought about this tactic until May 18, when, with the summit conference already a shambles, Vice-President Nixon launched his own counteroffensive. It seemed to be aimed more at the Democrats than the Soviets.

Earlier, during a marathon TV appearance on "Open End" with producer David Susskind, Nixon had not seemed too well briefed on administration strategy. He had resolutely defended the timing of the U-2 flight (". . . there is never a right

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time to make one . . . if you're going to get caught") and the threat to continue such flights ("Let's suppose . . . the United States will now announce to Mr. Khrushchev: 'Well, since this plane had been knocked down, we're going to discontinue activities of this sort.' Look at the position this puts the United States in and our allies.") The next day Mr. Eisenhower let it be known that he had already ended the flights.

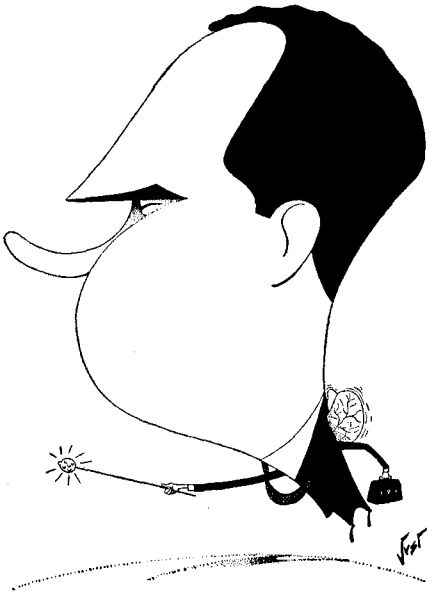
But even before the President could get back from Paris, the Vice-President, during a political swing through upstate New York, began what one newspaper report described as "a calculated move that had the backing of . . . top administration officials." At an early-morning press conference, Nixon told reporters that even as Khrushchev was touring America last fall, two Russians had been "apprehended" trying to obtain classified information in Springfield, Illinois. Out of consideration for the Soviet premier, which Nixon personally shared, the incident had been kept secret.

Reporters spent a baffling day running down details of Nixon's spy story. The facts turned out to be slightly different. The Russians, both employees of the United Nations, had been in Springfield, Massachusetts, not Illinois. They had not been apprehended. One was later sent home after a complaint registered at the U.N., while the other was presumably still under surveillance at the time Nixon made his disclosure. The FBI kept mum, but at the State Department Lincoln White dutifully gave out the name of the discharged U.N. employee.

'Least Worst' Decisions

As a counterblow against the Soviets, the Vice-President's initiative on the political circuit had all the force of a popgun. But in dealing with the Democrats Nixon showed that he had lost none of his touch for infighting. When questioned about a reported move by some Democrats in Congress to held an investigation of the U-2 fiasco, he replied briskly: "If they believe we should have allowed a gap in our intelligence, let them investigate it. If they believe the President should have apologized to Mr. Khrushchev, let them investigate."

Certain questions badly need to be asked by Congress, even if not on Nixon's terms. Who was responsible for setting such a late date for the



moratorium on the flights? Who supervised the slipshod intelligence-counterintelligence gambits? Who tried to co-ordinate the public presentation of the case as it moved along haphazardly from agency press conference to departmental briefing, from Hagerty's close-mouthed treatment to Nixon's performance on "Open End"? Who tried to anticipate the consequences, domestic and foreign, of making the first half-hearted confession and then the emphatic one that embarrassed our allies and left neither Eisenhower nor Khrushchev room for maneuver? Finally, whose "calculated move" was it to have the Vice-President transfer the struggle to the partisan arena?

Perhaps the most disturbing thing about the search for a culprit is the notable absence of any single individual or group upon whom the actual responsibility could be fixed. Both the timing of the government's responses and their internal contradictions furnish evidence that no one at the White House was intimately concerned with keeping on top of things.

On the contrary, there is reason to assign blame to the very machinery that has been set up to help the President in dealing with emergencies. On the morning of May 5, when Khrushchev first announced that the plane was down, Eisenhower was on his way to a secret mountain retreat in Maryland to meet with the National Security Council under simulated war conditions. Evidently no one thought to re-examine the quite transparent alibi that had been filed away for use on such an occasion. The myth that the NSC would co-ordinate a crisis with push-button efficiency was sadly exposed when officials in Washington began communicating with each other via the news tickers.

Admittedly, as one harassed official remarked, it was a matter of making "least worst" decisions once it became known that Powers had been captured. But it should have been possible to avoid the bloopers that only compounded a difficult situation. It would have helped, for example, if Hagerty had not given a muddled interpretation to the fairly innocuous press release on nuclear-test resumption that he issued routinely from Gettysburg the same day Khrushchev sprang his surprise about Powers. But then, it would help if Hagerty regarded his job as something more than personal press agent for the President.

DESPITE the widely touted "co-ordination and review" councils, there seems to be no one among the White House staff who has authority or inclination to act decisively in a crisis. In the earlier years of the administration, Presidential assistants like William Jackson, Nelson Rockefeller, and C. D. Jackson might have tried to take hold of things during such an emergency. Today, their counterparts are self-effacing men whose impact on the course of government is scarcely discernible.

Of course, no amount of energetic action on the part of subordinates can substitute for Presidential decisiveness in a time of crisis. This is a Constitutional fact of life which defies all efforts to set up "emergency" machinery for government. In the present case, it became apparent that Eisenhower was unprepared to deal with the U-2 crisis until, in the form of a raging, vituperative Khrushchev across the Paris conference table, it hit him squarely in the face.

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The Morning After in Berlin

GEORGE BAILEY

BERLIN

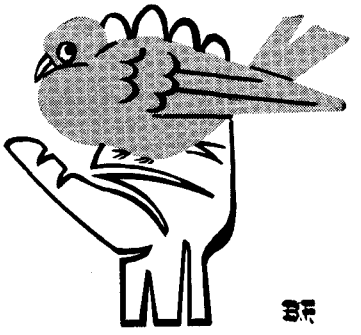
For West Germans and Berliners, the question of why Khrushchev wrecked the summit was cut and dried: the Soviets had gradually realized that increasing allied solidarity on West Berlin precluded any conference success on their terms. Khrushchev received clinching proof of this from de Gaulle during his visit to France in March, when the general read him the riot act on Berlin and German questions.

But all such speculation was eclipsed when Khrushchev made an abrupt about-face in East Berlin on May 20 before eight thousand Communist functionaries. Khrushchev's assurance that the Soviets would do nothing about West Berlin or a German peace treaty for at least eight months, when he believed a summit meeting could and should be held, was a bitter disappointment to party hotheads pressing for liquidation of West Berlin. It practically ruled out any prospect of action on West Berlin in the foreseeable future. It was left to Walter Ulbricht, the goat-bearded head of East Germany's Socialist Unity Party (S.E.D.), to explain why nothing could be done: "The situation," he concluded lamely, "is more complicated than it may seem."

Everyone in Germany is now trying to account for Khrushchev's overnight conversion from lion to lamb, which was taken here for what it was—a spectacular climbdown. The consensus is that Khrushchev was obliged to restrain S.E.D. cadres, who are notoriously more Stalinist than Stalin and who might have precipitated a disastrous incident if left unbridled, from acting on assumptions that seemed justified by his performance in Paris. It was also necessary for Khrushchev to try to foil the influence of the Chinese Communists on the S.E.D. leadership. Brandt pointed out at his May 21 press conference that "A part of the leaders of the S.E.D. have lately been courting Chinese Communist favor assiduously." Several weeks before the abortive summit conference, Chinese Communists in East Berlin told almost anyone who would listen that they disliked Khrushchev because of his peaceful-coexistence line plus his penchant for personal diplomacy, both of which the Chinese Communists deeply distrust. It is clear why the S.E.D. was flirting with the Chinese: of all the satellites, East Germany is least able to afford a detente. It is in constant danger of engulfment by the Germanness of the Germans, and the only approximation of a real Germany is Adenauer's Federal Republic.

The Three Hundred Blows

Another principal reason for Khrushchev's sudden adoption of a soft line, as seen by the command of the new West German Army, is the basic significance of four years of American reconnaissance flights (more than three hundred of them) over the Soviet Union. An issue of *Der Spiegel* dated May 25 features a twelve-page article—the cover photograph is of Allen Dulles with a small box photo of pilot Francis Powers—documenting the spectacular development of



American aerial photography, which can see nailheads from an altitude of ten kilometers, newspaper headlines from fifteen kilometers, footprints from twenty, and distinguish a pedestrian from a cyclist at a height of twenty-five kilometers. Germans conclude that all Soviet surface installations and movements have been spotted, checked, and evaluated thoroughly over the last four years. This includes all rocket shots. *Der Spiegel* claims that Americans closely followed all Soviet space attempts and recorded several failures before the Soviets managed to launch a Sputnik-cum-space ship on May 15. The remarkable fact is that Americans have been able to fly over the Soviet Union regularly for four years with impunity and Soviet defenses are still unable to reach the U-2 at its operative altitude. A few weeks ago General Adolf Heusinger, the West German military chief, privately expressed the conviction that a Soviet rocket could not have reached Powers's plane at anything like its maximum altitude. All this means, as one German official put it to me: "The Soviets do not have the stuff and now they know that we know they do not have it." I heard a similar reaction from a German observer at the Palais de Chaillot when the Russian space ship was launched. Referring to the Soviets' admitted lack of re-entry facilities, he said: "This shows what the Soviets cannot do as much as what they can do."

Regarding espionage, German specialists on Soviet affairs point out that the Soviets are more confused by American openness than Americans are by Soviet secrecy. They do not know how to evaluate the plethora of conflicting reports from a vast variety of sources. German military experts opine that the basic Soviet difficulty derives from the bungling technique of leapfrogging in the race for technological military supremacy. The results of the U-2 flights show that the Soviets' scientific base is too narrow. Their superiority is almost certainly restricted to basic rocket propulsion. Said one authority: "The Soviets are making the same mistake Hitler made by neglecting the development and perfection of conventional weapons while concentrating on one or two 'wonder weapons.' Apparently only the United States has the resources and knowhow to develop and perfect the bewildering variety of conventional weapons while systematically preparing for a big leap forward." As a result, the summit crisis caught the Russians midway between old and new with not enough of either to be really effective.

This, according to some Germans, is the reason for the dissatisfaction

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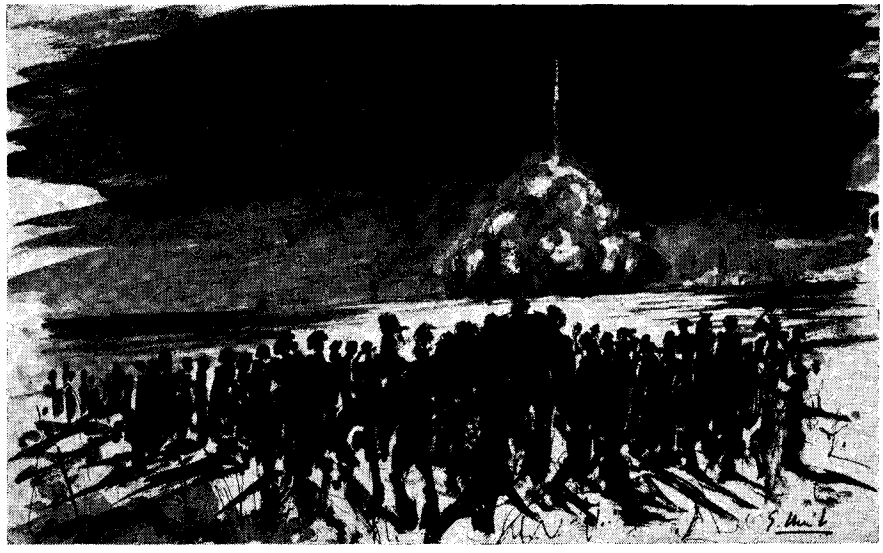
of the Soviet officer corps, especially in the top military echelons. The abrupt cutback of almost one-third of the standing army, while unpleasant enough in itself to the army, was truly alarming when taken as a symptom of the party's radical wonder-weapon strategy, which even neglected necessary variety in the rocket arsenal (witness the impunity with which the U-2s were able to fly over Soviet territory), let alone in conventional weapons.

Teddy Bears and Hecklers

Competent German observers discount speculation on the significance of Marshal Malinovsky's shadowing Khrushchev everywhere in Paris. In fact, Malinovsky is a notorious teddy bear whose person symbolizes meekness of the military *vis-à-vis* the party after the overthrow of Marshal Zhukov. However, it is the party that gambled and lost. Consequently, the dissatisfaction of the Soviet military is likely to increase greatly in the near future.

While it is still too early to produce any well-knit analyses, the Germans tentatively reckon that the Soviet Union may be on the eve of another palace revolution. They single out the failure of Khrushchev's new-lands program, the industrial mix-up, and the summit wreckage, plus the fact that his Paris performance was unworthy of the leader of the greatest socialist state. Members of the Soviet delegation in Paris were given to understand by the British and French that Khrushchev had degraded himself in the conference to the status of a mere heckler, and as such could not be taken seriously.

At all events the consensus here is that the U-2 incident, despite the initial American bungling of it, and partially because of the Soviet bungling of it, was the best thing that has happened to the West since the beginning of the cold war. *Der Spiegel's* article, in marked contrast to the magazine's policy of acid criticism of West as well as East, is highly favorable to the United States, as is the West German press in general. Also, Khrushchev's antics have laid a solid foundation for bipartisan foreign policy between the West German administration and the Socialist opposition.



The Dangers Of Fearing the Worst

FRED GREENE

THE DEBACLE in Paris has precipitated another anxious debate about arms and strategy. Once again our principal concern is with the danger of a massive "sneak attack" by nuclear weapons. Once again we are told that we must at all costs develop the ability to prevent or deter such a blow, which presumably the Russians are constantly preparing to inflict upon us.

But while it would obviously be foolish to ignore the possibility of a strategic assault, it is time to recognize that this perennial emphasis on America's vulnerability to such an assault can constitute a grave danger to our security in itself. It not only tends to reinforce the harmful tendency to discount other military problems but also deludes us into picturing ourselves in isolated confrontation with the Russians.

We have already had a taste of this in our extreme concern with the Soviet long-range bomber threat before 1957. We know now that we made excessive preparations to meet this danger, because we overestimated its imminence and effectiveness. Constant stress on this potential menace blew it up to unreal proportions, kept our nerves on edge, and made rational discussion of our internal or overseas security problems almost impossible. If, in facing the more potent missile and the compact-warhead challenge, we respond with proportionately greater concern, we shall be even less well prepared militarily and psychologically to face other issues that the Russians are certain to keep raising.

This does not mean that a strategic force is not important but that we have put too much money into it, and that a lesser investment could have given us not only an adequate deterrent power but also a shield under which to conduct more limited operations. It is not an answer to say that it is better to err, even broadly, on the side of safety, because the shift of a few billion dollars to nonstrategic forces might have improved our other capabilities to such an extent that the nature of postwar diplomacy might have been radically altered.

Nor can we take refuge in saying that the country is rich and can easily increase its defense expenditures in all categories. To begin with, there is a limit above which additional sums simply frighten our opponents and set off an ar-

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mament spiral. Futhermore, domestic political limitations may keep ceilings below even the optimum level. Thus there is never enough to go around and we must constantly choose which weapons to develop and to produce in quantity.

A Question of Balance

Our burden would be much lighter if we were fully aware of the intimate relation between force and diplomacy. We would quickly recognize that a proper military policy for the United States cannot be rooted in the strategic security of the homeland. It is because we consider force in a political vacuum, reserved mainly for use in time of war (when "military" considerations should prevail over "political" ones), that we treat our continental security problem apart from all others.

If we become obsessed with our own security, our separation from the rest of the world will grow. We may be unable to project strength abroad in an emergency if we are not materially and psychologically prepared to do so before a crisis begins.

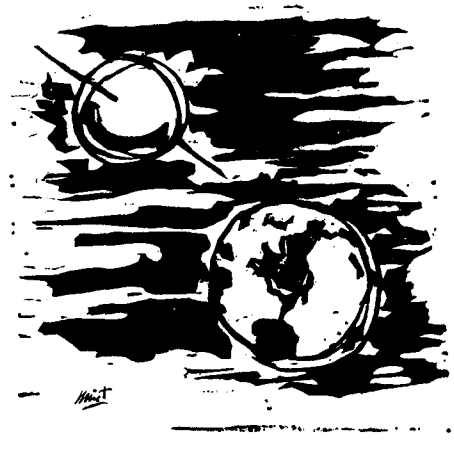
The British example at Munich in 1938 is a good case in point. Both the government and the people at that time were so concerned with the homeland's vulnerability that they considered the great Czech crisis largely in terms of the Nazis' ability to destroy London. There was little room for the reasonable arguments that Germany would be militarily involved with more immediate targets or that Britain's allies had a useful role to play.

Today, in an era of rapid technological change, any transitional period (such as the shift from bombers to missiles) can arouse a sense of alarm. In a crisis arising during such a period, the nature both of our weapons and our mental attitude will determine whether we look upon the world in terrified isolation or as an active participant, whether we are self-paralyzed or can take the measures required.

A strategic deterrent and defense posture does, of course, validate and publicize an ability to stand up to the Russians on issues of major importance. Without this basic capacity, all might well be lost. But this is just the first point in a very complex situation. Does this capability help when the crisis is less than one in which we ourselves are threatened? As the ill-fated doctrine of massive retaliation showed, it is very hard to employ a military theory developed for one function (strategic protection of the homeland) to serve another (protection of other nations). Massive retaliation was already out of date at the time it was announced. Even when it was technologically possible, between 1947 and 1954, Korea and a series of other incidents demonstrated its lack of political validity and appeal.

THE NEED for a limited-war capability has been widely discussed in recent years. But the relation of force to diplomacy involves more than noting its value in limited as well as total war crises. It is equally applicable in sustaining our routine diplomatic posture in efforts to head off a crisis. There is a vital role for American military strength in such tasks as supporting a favorable status quo or helping bring about peaceful change, maintaining political equilibrium among allies, and forestalling possible Communist power thrusts.

One major example is the location of our Seventh Army in Europe, a by-product of Communist aggression in Korea. Originally sent to deter a similar attack in the West, this force has performed an invaluable service in keeping a rickety alliance together. Maintaining this united security front in turn assures former colonial states, now under all sorts of Sino-Soviet pressure, that the West is not in a condition of advanced decay. Moreover, the presence of this significant American ground force is the only way we can bring about Germany's rearmament without disrupting the very delicate relations of that former conqueror with its western neighbors. The related and equally emotion-laden issue of distribution and control of tactical nuclear weapons may be amicably resolved primarily because American troops are stationed in Europe. Finally, the presence of our forces may have done much to check Britain's disastrous proposal to pull all its troops out of Europe and thereby deepen the split between Britain and the Continental powers.



It is disconcerting to read that the Bureau of the Budget recommended a reduction of our forces in Europe because it considered that the Army's future role might be to secure and protect the homeland in case of total war. It is equally alarming to note an analysis that we cannot defend Europe on the ground and could better spend the money on a domestic shelter program. Recommendations that we give absolute priority to a "Fortress America" overlook the political consequences and ultimately the larger concerns of military security.

Other examples could be given of the value of force projected abroad—the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean, for one. A hypothetical case would be a combined-service force in the Pacific, able to give support to an ally or a neutral. Such a guarantee of swift support to local efforts to hold key river deltas, populated regions, or mining areas might greatly restrict the policy choices open to Communist China. Actually, in 1953 our government considered forming a strategic Army reserve in the Pacific, but instead reduced the Army as it withdrew divisions from Korea.

The 'Greatest Threat'

Even within its own frame of reference, concentration on the greatest threat involves risks that merit greater attention. Because the threat is real and the concern legitimate, we may, without realizing it, evoke the very danger we seek to avoid. There are several historical examples in which a rigid military position prevented the full exercise of diplomacy to avert a war that was not inevitable.

The most famous example of inflexibility-in-crisis in recent times

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occurred in Germany in 1914. It was proper for German planners to prepare for the worst possibility—a Franco-Russian coalition. But to have insisted on a declaration of war against Russia because the latter mobilized and, worse yet, to have pressed for a declaration against France when the leaders of that country were still in a quandary—this was to turn a plan for handling the worst eventuality into an instrument for its realization.

The grand design of that crisis still has applicability. We have a "natural foe" who, like ourselves, fears a massive assault. Both sides may easily become inflexible in their training period. If we expect any American-Russian conflict to be nuclear, will we prepare plans to keep it in bounds if the opportunity arises? Have we not already decided that it must involve a mutual bombardment of homelands? We must ask ourselves whether, in considering an American-Soviet war and preparing for the worst, we are not preparing almost exclusively for the worst, and so decreasing our chances of a less drastic outcome to a crisis.

THE GREATEST THREAT could become a reality in several ways. If we fail to develop the force required to meet other contingencies, our opponents will quickly intensify their pressure along this line of evident weakness. The Communists may rely on their new strategic power and our lack of a diversified force to mount local threats. But could the conflicts be kept local? There might come a time when we felt we had to respond simply to prove Russia wrong in assuming that a tactical disadvantage assures American passivity. The chance of a specific crisis precipitating a major war is even greater than one might conclude from estimating the actual importance of any particular area involved. After all, only hindsight proved Serbia to be significant.

Concentration on our vulnerability has also revived the fear that war will come like a bolt from the blue—an attitude very frequent in lands long secure and newly vulnerable. The underlying logical argument is that a surprise assault by Russia, destroying American power, would bring the whole world into

its grasp. This, of course, presupposes that the Soviet population will be dispersed and sheltered and that a salvo to destroy or cripple our striking force is technically feasible. With the memory of Pearl Harbor ever present, we naturally conclude that we must make every effort to avert this greatest of all catastrophes.

From this it might seem logical to conclude that we should prepare for pre-emptive war. But such preparation would produce a series of countermeasures on both sides, sustained by intelligence reports, and so validate our original fears.

Yet though a massive surprise attack may be the most advantageous Soviet policy—if it works—it also involves the most dangerous and difficult gamble imaginable. It is the one move certain to commit us to attack Russia with a tremendous striking force that is dispersed over the entire globe. With the development of vertical-takeoff aircraft and mobile land and sea missiles, the opportunity to deliver a certain knockout blow will fade for a while. But in this era of accelerated technological development, the threat will recur repeatedly. If we follow the pattern of the postwar years thus far, we shall panic with each new trend just as we did with regard to the long-range aircraft and then to the first ICBMs. Should we not ask whether the Russians dare take such risks in the light of their commitment to Communism and its inevitable triumph? And do they wish to face a war in which they may be severely mauled but China and India will go unscathed?

MUST IT BE a fixed part of our mythology that "the war" will inevitably be a surprise assault with strategic nuclear weapons? What if a war were preceded by a long period of tension during which time we had an opportunity to mobilize part of our strength? How should we mobilize to gain the greatest ability both to preserve the peace and to handle a possible war, or even make one type of war more likely than others? Which exposed areas, type of force, ability to deploy, and protective devices should get the highest priority if we have time to mobilize? At present we do not seem able even to consider these important problems in public discussion—not because of security regulations but because we are hypnotized by our own vulnerability.

Diplomacy will fare much better in a world in which we recognize our very real dangers, take prudent measures in weapons research and production to provide for our continental security, but do not become so obsessed with our vulnerability as to lose our sense of proportion. We must not become so concerned with total war that we bring it down upon our heads.

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A Dead End in Italy's Politics

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

FOR seventy-one days the Italian Republic was in search of a government, and now it has one—of a sort. Having run through three premiers and rejected seven different ministerial formulas in the course of the crisis, on May 5 the Christian Democrats fell back on the solution they dislike most: a government wholly dependent on the neo-Fascists in parliament. Since half the Christian Democratic Party is in open revolt against this cabinet, and since the cabinet has promised to dissolve itself in six months anyway, it isn't much of a solution. The one consolation it offers, in the monumental confusion prevailing now, is that whatever comes next can hardly be worse.

At this stage there is no telling what may come next. What had started as a fairly routine crisis—cabinets have been falling here at the rate of about one a year—has suddenly grown into a national emergency. The party that has kept Italy's democratic machinery running after a fashion for fifteen years has become incapable of making any decisions. The machinery itself has all but come to a standstill. Powerful pressure groups are already calling for a Sacred Union, and shopping around for an Italian de Gaulle. Of the few politicians who would take the job, not one is regarded with any seriousness.

The Fascists' Price

The torments rending Italy's ruling party have not come all of a sudden. Ever since 1953, the Christian Democrats have been trying to govern the country as if they still had the absolute majority they then lost. Hard pressed by totalitarian forces to the Right and Left, more and more alienated from the three smaller democratic parties, and themselves divided into no less than eight organized factions—each with its own headquarters, funds, and press—they have experimented with every conceivable combination that might keep them in power on their own terms. There have been four-, three-, and two-party coalitions, each more precarious than the last, and a succession of minority Christian Democratic cabinets variously known as "administrative," "friendship," "interim," "pendular," and "bridge." For the present one, headed by Fernando Tambroni, the adjective "parachutist" was added: Tambroni would jump, the explanation went, and if the parachute opened, he would land alive. He did land—but on the farthest reaches of the Right, in Fascist preserves.

The Tambroni cabinet, offered up to the deputies in Montecitorio just before Easter, was a perfect expression of the Catholics' internal state. Led by a supposedly left-wing Christian Democrat, it included representatives of all eight party factions, refrained from taking any controversial positions, and expressed its availability to a vote of confidence from any party in the chamber of deputies, bar none. Throughout that week's debate, Tambroni sat with his ministers in stony silence, while speaker after speaker rose to denounce this latest sample of the Christian Democrats' incurable indecision. The government's embarrassment was acute when, in reply to a warning from the Liberals' leader Giovanni Malagodi that the Catholics were drifting toward an "authoritative clerico-Fascist régime," a voice from the benches occupied by the Fascist Movimento Sociale Italiano (M.S.I.) called out "Amen!"

The Fascists were making no effort at subterfuge, either in the chamber or out. Their leader had publicly announced his price for supporting Tambroni; it included closer ties with Franco Spain, state pensions for Blackshirt militiamen, and a $20,000-a-month state subsidy for the M.S.I. paper, *Il Secolo*. Characteristically, *Il Secolo* published a six-year-old photograph that very week showing the funeral of the great Catholic statesman Alcide De Gasperi passing beneath Mussolini's famous balcony in the Palazzo Venezia, with the caption: "Above, History Without a Hearse; Below, a Hearse Without History."

The Christian Democrats' response was a cartoon in their weekly paper, *La Discussione*, showing Italia gazing unhappily at a plate set before her: on it were a grinning toad labeled "M.S.I." and a bottle marked "bicarbonate of soda." She didn't seem destined to swallow the toad, however. On April 11, three days after Tambroni was confirmed in the chamber, he resigned.

He had been ordered to do so in preremptory terms, by a Christian Democratic directorate flatly unwilling to sanction a government relying solely on the Fascists. Two weeks and one premier later, however, Tambroni was instructed by the chief of state to appear before

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the senate. The same party directorate had refused to suggest any other candidate or ministerial formula; and, while refusing also to retract its original condemnation of Tambroni's ministry, it voted for his confirmation nevertheless. As a final irony, all proceedings were suspended upon Tambroni's appearance in the senate, while the senators paused to commemorate the fifteenth anniversary of liberation from the Nazis.

IT HAS BEEN quite a while since the Christian Democrats could have gotten out of a jam like this by forming still another four-party center coalition. For several years now, their democratic allies—Liberals, Social Democrats, and Republicans—have found it impossible to get along simultaneously with the Christian Democrats and each other; and they have all gone about finding *their* allies to force the government out of its exasperating immobility. By this spring, they were ready with two formations that would establish new political frontiers: one on the not quite extreme Left and one on the Right.

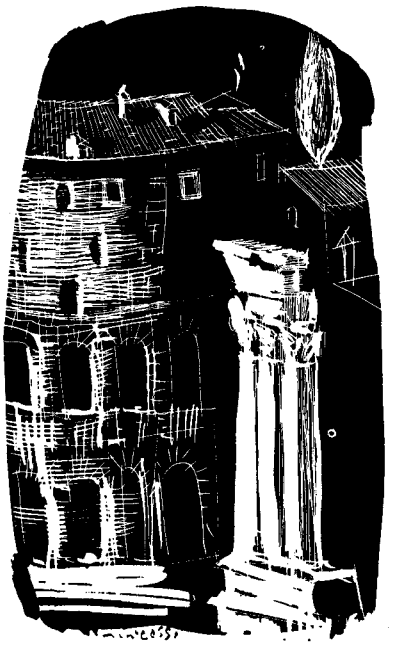
Barring a partnership with the Fascists or Communists (or both, which has already been tried in Sicily), the Christian Democrats had no way out. With 297 votes needed for a majority in the chamber and only 272 of their own, they could form a coalition with the conservative Liberals (18 deputies), supported by the monarchist P.D.I. (20) outside the cabinet. Or they could form a coalition with the moderately left Social Democrats (17) and Republicans (6), supported by Pietro Nenni's Socialists (88) outside the cabinet.

The Right-wing coalition was extremely unattractive. Malagodi has only recently managed to bring the monarchists "under the democratic arch," as he puts it, by persuading them to break long-standing ties wth the neo-Fascists. But the presence of notorious monarchist hooligans like Achille Lauro under this arch is repugnant to fastidious democrats; and the economic policies of this decidedly right-wing group would be even more so.

On the other hand, Nenni didn't look so attractive either—at least, not at a moment when his presence under the arch might split the Catholic party in two. Few Christian Democrats would say outright that they don't want a deal with Nenni—some day. With his eighty-eight deputies and four million working-class followers, he could help them as much as he has hindered them all these years, to renovate Italy and to isolate a Communist Party bigger than all the others in Western Europe put together and with 140 seats in the chamber of deputies. It was De Gasperi himself who first raised the subject of an "opening" toward the Socialists, just after the calamitous 1953 elections, and the "dialogue with Nenni" has been a hardy perennial of Italian politics ever since.

The dialogue has progressed appreciably since De Gasperi's day. In fact, it has reached the point where the Christian Democrats have committed themselves formally to the long-debated opening toward the Left, and have even tried twice in these last few months to see it through. The resulting uproar almost wrecked their party.

Looked at dispassionately, the proposal wasn't really so alarming. The Christian Democrats were conceding nothing on their foreign policy—neither the Atlantic Alliance, nor NATO, nor missile bases: they had undertaken only to favor what was then called the Eisenhower-Macmillan position rather than the Adenauer-de Gaulle position. They were not proposing to take Nenni into the government, where they were to be flanked by the staunchly pro-western and anti-Communist Social Democrats and Republicans. They were simply putting Nenni on trial as a potential ally; and the program that had secured his promise of benevolent abstention in parliament (nationalization of energy, a modernized school system, establishment of the regions called for in the constitution) would scarcely frighten a congressman from Vermont. Furthermore, Nenni's party is no longer the histrionic copy of the Communists' that it was for a decade and more.



Togliatti and Nenni

The Socialists have long since broken their unity pact with Togliatti's Communists, and have gone a considerable way toward becoming autonomous in fact as well as in name. Nenni has denounced Russia's suppression of the Hungarian revolution, broken off all his party's relations with Communist China, withdrawn from the Partisans of Peace movement, given back his Stalin Peace Prize, and opened negotiations for a return to the Social Democratic International, Comisco. He has clashed often with Togliatti on important legislative matters: where the Communists voted against the Vanoni investment plan and the Common Market, for instance, the Socialists voted in favor of the one and abstained on the other; and he has differed sharply with Togliatti's habitual *"tanto peggio, tanto meglio"*—"the worse, the better"—tactics. The strongest evidence of this last is Nenni's new willingness to support any government seriously bent on social reform—"Nothing could be more useless," he has told his party, "than our present policy of not doing so"—even if such a government is categorically against the Communists and for the West.

The hitch is that the Communists themselves are perfectly willing to do the same—or anything else the Socialists do, rather than remain in splendid isolation. "We will always be prepared to go as far as Comrade Nenni goes, and further," Togliatti said blandly as far back as 1953; and he has made it plain during this crisis that any solution favored by

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Nenni will get the Communists' votes, "requested or not, welcome or not."

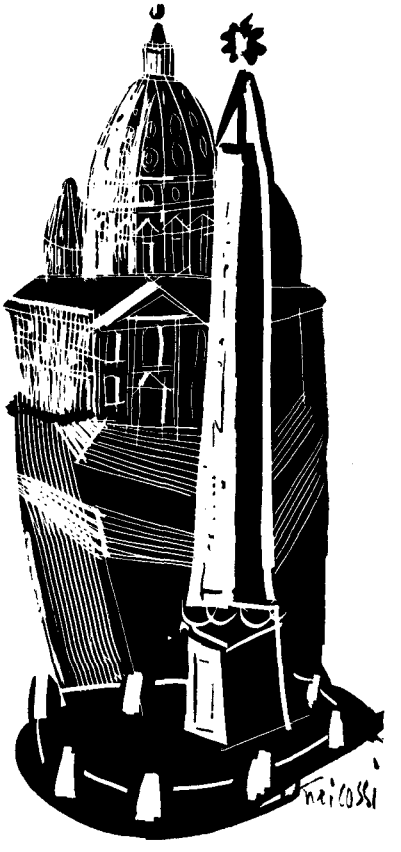
The danger of a Communist ambush doesn't end there. Nenni's workers are still entangled in the Communists' trade unions and cooperatives, and about a third of his party is still ardently attached to them ideologically. Even the Social Democrats and Republicans, who have become Nenni's sponsors in democratic society, concede that his party isn't yet "mature enough" for an organic government alliance. But they maintain that it's at least ready for a trial run, with the Nenni Socialists kept out of the government.

The plans for this undertaking were laid when the crisis began—over lunch in the home of Republican leader Ugo La Malfa. It was the first time in twelve years that La Malfa, Nenni, and the Social Democrats' Giuseppe Saragat had sat down at the same table, and the effects of their meeting may be felt here for as many more.

It was there that the tandem center-left government and its symbolic three-point program were blocked out; and it was over another historic lunch, in a *trattoria* on the Tiber, that Saragat and La Malfa sold their strategy to Amintore Fanfani, leader of the Christian Democrats' left-wing forces. Fanfani wasn't alone in accepting the plan. His entire party directorate accepted it, and instructed Premier (and ex-Premier) Antonio Segni to open negotiations on those terms. Segni did. But on the day he was to have concluded the agreement over yet another historic lunch, he suffered an acute attack of conscience and resigned.

BY THE TIME Fanfani was named to continue from there (after the rise and first fall of Tambroni), the war was on. His party had suggested his designation as premier in a barely audible whisper, and only after it was clear that no other Christian Democrat was willing or able to form a cabinet. As it turned out, neither was Fanfani. Unlike Segni, he had actually gone so far as to conclude his agreement—whereupon he too resigned. In this case, the conscience involved wasn't his own. The conscientious objectors were all on the other side: a group of forty Christian Democratic deputies had threatened to vote against Fanfani, and even to secede from the party, if his government ever reached the chamber.

The rebels claimed to be speaking for the Catholic Church, which at the time wasn't quite true. Individual prelates, particularly in the industrial north, have sided more or less openly with the Fanfani forces. But many others in powerful positions have thrown their full weight against him. Most prominent among these has been Cardinal Siri of Genoa, head of the Italian Episcopal Conference; and working closely with him has been layman Luigi Gedda, whose political activities have



been a source of bitter controversy both in the Christian Democratic Party and the Church.

As former president of Italian Catholic Action—he was removed by Pope John—and present director of the lay Catholic Civic Committees, Gedda has long pressed for a patriotic anti-Communist front, now known as the Sacred Union, ranging from Center to extreme Right. De Gasperi fought Gedda to a standstill, but his successors haven't done as well. If a relative handful of Christian Democratic deputies were able to hold their whole party at bay during the current crisis, it was largely because of Gedda's promise to set up a new Catholic party if necessary, which he was prepared to launch, full-grown, within twenty-four hours. He was perfectly capable of doing this: it is Gedda's parish-by-parish network of 23,400 Civic Committees that gathers half of the Christian Democrats' thirteen million votes.

Marching in Two Directions

Not all these votes reflect Gedda's personal views by any means. Finding Gedda's election machine ready to hand, the Christian Democrats have simply borrowed it. But the only party factions collaborating wholeheartedly with Gedda at the moment are the so-called "Spring" group, speaking for the big industrialists, and the conservative small landowners' Direct Cultivators. For all the campaign funds they provide, the industrialists have a very small electoral following: together with the landlords' three million votes, they probably represent about a quarter of the party's electorate. Roughly another quarter is divided among factions of the dead Center (Mario Scelba), the near dead Center (Antonio Segni), and the slightly Left (Party Secretary Aldo Moro). The rest—forty-six per cent at the last party convention—are spread over factions further to the left: Fanfani's group, the trade unionists' "Renewal" current, and the "Base," formed—though now not so heavily influenced—by the head of the state oil and gas monopoly, Enrico Mattei.

A glance at this list suggests why the threat of secession hangs perpetually over the Christian Democrats' heads; and the situation has been deteriorating. De Gasperi had managed to hold things together with policies designed, as he said, for a "party of the Center marching toward the Left." But while the rank and file has been marching in that direction since his death, the party's policies have been drifting the other way.

Four of the five cabinets formed here in the past five years have been of the Center-Right. With each of these, the reforms built into Christian Democratic election planks since 1948 have been further postponed. A third of Italy's population is still

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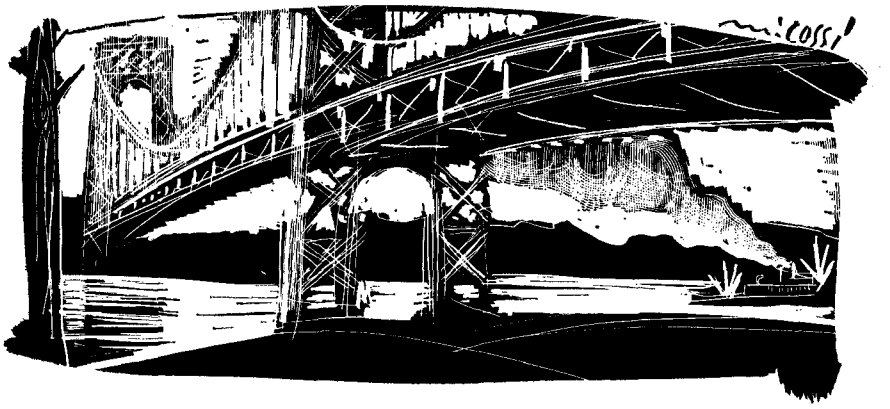
illiterate or semi-literate, and only six per cent have high-school diplomas; the southern provinces haven't yet escaped from an almost Oriental poverty.

WITH EVERY postponement of these urgent reforms, the cracks in the party have grown wider and its strength has further diminished: a third of the party's 1,600,000 enrolled members failed to renew their memberships this year. The two months of crisis haven't reversed the trend. The cabinet is still dependent on the Fascists but committed to doing absolutely nothing until October 31 except get the budget through parliament and fulfill Italy's international obligations. For a multitude of Christian Democrats, therefore, its existence is not only scandalous but useless. As Political Secretary Aldo Moro says, the shock of this government has left his party prostrate. But it has also pushed men like Moro himself toward Fanfani's position. The Center having dropped out of Italian politics for the foreseeable future, those who have hesitated to make a decisive choice in some other direction feel that they can't wait much longer; and since the choice evidently must be made, a majority of the Christian Democratic directorate is still determined to conclude arrangements with Nenni as soon as the unhappy Tambroni interlude is over.

Whether this will actually be done, however, is very much open to question, since the right-wing threat of secession hasn't been withdrawn and isn't likely to be. No doubt millions of Catholic voters would be relieved to have a choice between two parties, but there's no doubt either about which of these two would have the campaign funds, the electoral apparatus, and the larger measure of ecclesiastical support. At best, this might mean a numerically weakened government party, far more in need of Nenni than it is now. At worst, the prospects would be first a right-wing Sacred Union and, in the end, almost fatally, a Popular Front. This prospect is frightening to a large number of liberal-minded Italians in and out of the Christian Democratic Party. But these same men do not quite know what they can do to avoid it.



THE NEW YORK I KNOW:

IV. The Waterways

MARYA MANNES

FOUR WATERWAYS embrace Manhattan, each one wholly different from the other, yet all serving to unify that central diversity of stone and human life pointing—like a long crude stake—toward the open sea. From the North River, the Lower Bay, the East River, and the Harlem River, the island has that purity of identity which only distance and the obliteration of the human speck can give it. From the air above, this purity is attained by the shape of the island itself in its girdling water and by the grid pattern that neatly and evenly divides its length and width and by the long green rectangle of park in its central core. You look down on a miracle of aspiration, where man has somehow re-created on a giant scale the crystalline system of matter. Without sight of man himself or the ant which the city reduces him to, the long shadows and shafts and slabs and pinnacles have a permanent and rooted majesty belying accident. Plan is there, but what so excites the spirit from above is the feeling of natural growth, as if this city were inevitable.

So too, yet with more disorder and intimacy, is Manhattan from the rivers and harbor. Or, if you will, from a boat in the waterways, for this is the only way to skirt the island with the detachment that accurate vision demands. From the moment you leave the pier in midtown for the broad strong reaches of the Hudson River, pointing south, the eye, freed from the fragmenting pressure of people and the nagging distractions of detail, opens wide to the fact of Manhattan.

The first fact, of course, is the port. Here lie the giant liners at their berths, their sterns held high, their hulls a swooping trajectory, and their funnels raked with that air of gallantry—like the heads of Directoire dandies—which only ships possess. The red Cunard funnels of the great *Elizabeth,* taller and more restrained in their slant than the low fat teardrop stacks of the *United States;* the jaunty air of the French ships and—imagination perhaps—a faint whiff of seasoning from the galley; the whiteness and neatness of the Scandinavian vessels—all this nestled along wharves where the pilings are green with moss and the water brown with pollution, shielded from the river current by piers that range from fairly new featureless functionalism backward in time to the piers I knew as a child: green pagoda shapes that the architects of the El stations seemed to fancy, Oriental-municipal and quite incongruous. But they give a feeling nevertheless of coffee beans and fish and exotic shipments, with

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no pressures of time, and when they finally crumble I shall be sad.

As you churn down the Hudson you are conscious of the flatness of the city between the high cluster of midtown and the high cluster of downtown, and you remember that this valley of glacial deposit between the rock outcrops is the older city and Greenwich Village, where low houses still face each other and leave room for sky. And between them and the river are still those warehouses, dark red or old yellow, with blind-bricked windows, that on any waterfront spell the movement of goods and produce, ship chandlers, and the smell of hemp and iron.

On the opposite shore, in Jersey, the letters of commerce are written out more boldly in huge signs: Todd Shipyards, the building for Lipton Tea, with two freighters warped in the pier, the building for Maxwell House Coffee, and suddenly on the wind, the marvelous smell of roasting beans. And only two minutes later the smell of a man shaving (another morning echo) is born on the breeze from Colgate's Soaps and Perfumes.

Between the trade of Jersey and the luxury shipping of New York the few old ferries still go from shore to shore; dark red or green with their upright virtuous funnels and air of purpose. And always the tugs—four hundred of them work this port—pulling the barges of sand and gravel and freight cars, pushing the giant liners with their matted snouts, breasting the current with that special posture of impudence which their smallness, their tilt, and their bustle confer on them. By this ceaseless bustle they flaunt their independence of New York, that captive, stationary mammoth.

The widening of the Hudson and the soaring of Manhattan converge, and it is hard to tell which is the more elating: the arrival of destination of a mighty river or the final statement of a mighty city. You look ahead and the roar and smell of ocean assail you, the wild liberty of three thousand miles of water beyond a statue and an island or two. You look left and you see this pointed massing of stone where the power of man resides: tower behind tower, shaft against shaft, and no conflict between the outmoded fretwork of the Woolworth Building and the white austerity of the new giant Chase Manhattan slab. Even the lower older buildings down on the Battery hold their own, their windows peering seawards under the raised eyebrows of curved cornices.

Round the tip, then, but out far enough to see the Lady of Liberty hold her torch and feel the strong damp Atlantic wind and hear gulls screaming and pass a freighter outward bound under a grove of derricks. And look with distaste at the

abandoned buildings on Ellis Island where so many frightened, ignorant foreigners first met America, helpless in the bureaucracy of freedom.

Then turning east and north and pointing into the East River and under that still most beautiful of its spans, the Brooklyn Bridge, the wired web of delicacy, that cat's cradle of tension, inconceivably supporting a great weight of traffic. And under, gliding oceanward, comes the long gray guided-missile cruiser *Topeka*, her full complement of men lining her decks, face outward at attention, her small orange darts pointing skyward aft, and her radar intricacies listening for sonic images. There she was, translating in steel the desperate speeches of Pentagon admirals committed to a navy without a future: beautiful, armed, and obsolete.

The East River is a strange river because it has such an ugly beauty. Ugly, that is, in its lack of verge or greenery except on Welfare Island and the leafy lawn of Sutton Place. The waterfronts of industrial cities all share the shabby clutter of business, but abroad a river bank is an excuse for beauty too, a place where the city man can rest and breathe, bending his gaze on the strong or placid current. On the East River these pleasures are reserved mostly for apartment dwellers, at a remove of many paces and feet. The only people who can get close enough for intimacy must choose between a rotting pier or a few parks separated from the actual bank by the East Side Highway, a rival and distracting current of cars. Only from the United Nations and Carl Schurz Park is there no such interposition.

Yet the East River is made romantic by its shipping, which ranges from barges and excursion boats to ponderous tankers and polished yachts, by its procession of bridges, and by its magnificent Manhattan shore, far different from the profile it turns to the Hudson. For it is a shore of extremes in living, making the eye jump its entire length from the doomed tenements of the lower East Side to the serene thin slab of the Secretariat, a marble mirror for light; from grimy coal chutes and power stations to the new white serrated luxury apartment buildings at Beekman and Sutton Places and at Gracie Square. All these disparate elements—even the factory chimneys, even the Pepsi-Cola sign on the Brooklyn shore—contribute to a mysterious and exciting whole, the natural rhythm of a useful river. Only one element obtrudes and spoils: the public housing units. These are grim cities within themselves, cities—since the living are invisible—of the dead. Utility and economy need not be companions of ugliness, but here they are. These are premature tombs in which the human spirit is confined in a rigid and graceless coffin of convenience, identically ventilated by identical windows with its legion of neighbors, refused the small benedictions of decoration or difference. One argues that this is better than decaying slums, that people have light and air and plumbing and the sweep of the river, that children have space for play. But there is still something not only wrong but sinister in these arbitrary groupings of human life,

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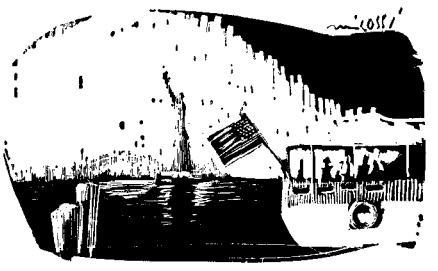
and the wiser city planners are troubled by it. To the river traveler, certainly, they are depressants, casting a chill on the mind.

In my childhood, the chill was cast by Welfare Island, or Blackwell's as it was called then, that quarantine of the ill and insane between two tines of water. The original hospitals can still be seen behind the lawns and trees: Gothic and dark and sad, hiding (those years ago) unmentionable things and incurable troubles. A few are still used, but most are deserted, and one —with breached walls and shattered windows—is a training ground for rookie firemen, the object of required abuse. New buildings are on the island now, light and modern; and although they too house suffering, they cast no similar shadow as you pass by. Pity is substituted for horror, and also relief that society has abandoned the architecture of despair. Only the new big yellow buildings for the insane on Ward's Island have an institutional cruelty, but at least they are light and spacious, though thickly barred.

UNLIKE THE HUDSON, it is the little intimacies that make the East River absorbing: the tiny huddle of Georgian brick houses on Sutton Place with their common garden, overwhelmed by surrounding apartment heights; the little girls playing basketball on the roof of the Brearley School over a tunnel of traffic; the squat anachronism of what used to be a serene and lordly landmark on the river shore, Gracie Mansion; the signs on pilings, "Swimmers Keep Off," in the heat of summer, unread and unheeded as thin boys plunge in the dirty current. And as the East River turns westward and narrows into the Harlem River, these intimacies multiply to the total exclusion of grandeur. The shores of the Harlem River are messy fringes, the neglected back yards of the poor. Only at the tip of Harlem at "Sugar Hill" do the apartments of the well-to-do Negroes display ordered living; and on the Bronx side, much further back, a residential ridge of propriety. The rest is broken piers, mud flats, and old boathouses, sagging into the river; mountainous heaps of junked cars, a pattern of twisted fenders; a disused railroad bridge with the center span swung—and fixed forever—in midstream.

But then, gradually, the banks of the Harlem River prepare themselves for the future: rocks appear, and cliffs, and trees, and the eye turns upwards to the playing grounds of Columbia, to Baker Field, to parkland and more rocks and cliffs. Then down to the river again and stalwart young men on the dock of the university boathouse, and further on to other young men in sculls, resting on their oars, their crew cuts catching the sun, their legs at ease. The hint of freedom is there even before the iron railroad bridge at the mouth of the Harlem opens to let you by. And then, with a rush of wind and a great expansion of focus, the Hudson River rides past. Two miles ahead to the West the Palisades rear up, a wall of vertical stone folds with a crest of woods. To the north, the winding, converging, rolling shores suggest the far-hidden mountain source in the heart of the state. To the south, the widening water hurries to its assignation with greater water. And once you have flowed with it under the splendor of the George Washington span, the meaning of rivers rushes over you. So too does the feel of an earlier America with broader, more venturesome men, the feel of original wildness and hazard, and the feel of conquest. Rather than shrink in comparison, the nature of man reassumes its stature.

As for the city itself, south of this bridge, it is a clean and fairly un-



broken line of highway and park and residence, built high. Riverside Drive has long given the Hudson its due as a great prospect for dwellers, and here Manhattan assumes a consistent if unexciting face: a hundred and thirty blocks or about eight miles of apartment buildings facing it and the setting sun behind Jersey; the homes of the middle class who pay for their privilege with the biting gales of winter, a certain inconvenience of transit, and the knowledge that their address confers no social benefits. They know too that behind them are blighted streets and dubious neighborhoods, but the river is compensation and daily solace.

Yet, after all, and when the river voyage is done, the sight from the Lower Bay still remains the dream, and a self-perpetuating one at that. It is no less valid now than it was thirty journeys ago from Europe, a child returning home from summer abroad at the prow of a ship.

THERE WERE differences then: the decks below me were filled with steerage passengers, a huddle of immigrants in kerchiefs, holding bundles. They smelled, they were ragged, they had been seasick most of the way, they were cold, they were afraid. To a child without compassion, they were as repellent as they were pitiable. I did not want to be near them. But at this moment as the ship approached New York, even I saw the look in their eyes as they saw the Statue of Liberty and the first stand of towers. The children were transfixed. The parents wept, some aloud, some wiping their tears away with stiffened hands, some letting them run down. Even the youths were quiet. I had read about the promised land, I had been told what immigrants were, I knew that my grandparents had pulled their lives out of Europe too for this same dream. Now I knew what it meant.

And somehow, the things I have learned since then make no difference now. Bartholdi's statue is not great art, not even impressive art, but the Lady is invested with greatness by each new eye. The vision of New York as the promised land can be turned into a sour joke, so cruel can the city be, so qualified its welcome. From this distance corruption cannot be smelt, nor decay, nor venality. The bungling and stuttering of little men in capitals of state or nation cannot be perceived from the Lower Bay, nor the sound of broken illusions.

This is the port of America, these are the heralding towers of the New World.

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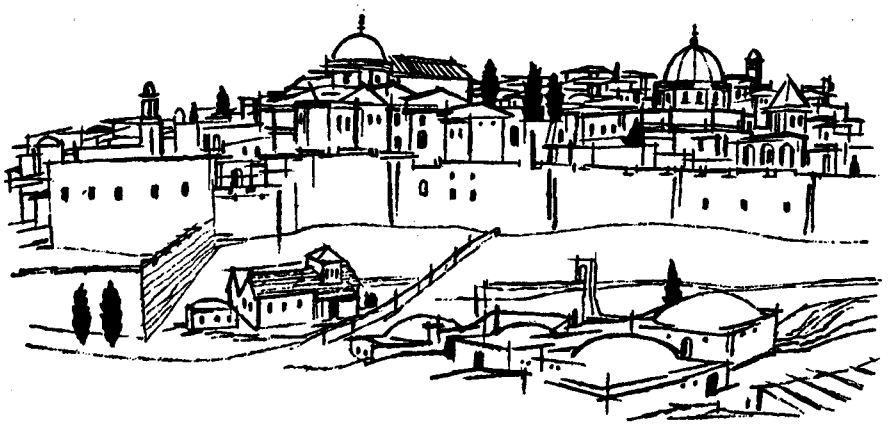

Our Gamble in Morocco

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

"SOMEHOW we always seem to get ourselves into the damnedest mix-ups in Africa."

This unofficial but heartfelt outburst summed up the reaction among American diplomats here when it was revealed at the end of April that Morocco, by special agreement with the U.S. government, had started using the powerful Voice of America short-wave transmitter in Tangier to broadcast its own foreign propaganda programs. The French government bitterly resents our radio accord with Morocco, but its impact on Franco-American relations—which inspired my friend's anguished generalization—is only one, and perhaps not the gravest, of its far-reaching implications. The new arrangement gives the United States the right to continue relaying VOA broadcasts to Africa and the Middle East from its own transmitter in Tangier until the end of 1963. In return, overriding formal French protest, it obliges us to make VOA technical services and installations in Morocco available to the Moroccans eighty hours a week for any broadcasting use they want to make of them. We thereby furnish the Moroccan nationalist leadership with the most advanced modern instruments for projecting its doctrines, ambitions, and prejudices thousands of miles beyond Morocco's borders into Africa. To anyone who has recently observed at first hand the mounting political turmoil in Morocco or who has studied the peculiar contradictions and complexes of Moroccan nationalism, this situation has a number of disquieting features.

Transmitting Confusion

To start with, there are the obvious international complications. One of the Moroccan programs carried by the VOA transmitter is called the Voice of Algeria and it is beamed there in Arabic twice a week. In French eyes these broadcasts are "straight F.L.N. war propaganda"—as a government spokesman in Paris put it to me. "We do not feel that your radio agreement with Morocco is promoting peace in Africa," the French spokesman commented dryly.

Another Moroccan program called the Voice of the Sahara is beamed south from Tangier over the VOA transmitter. It reflects, and seeks to further, what the French consider the "fantastic dreams of territorial expansion" of Moroccan nationalism. Morocco's desert frontiers have never been exactly surveyed and it is possible that some Moroccan territorial claims have a reasonable historic or ethnic basis. As voiced, however, by Mohammed Allal el Fassi, the veteran leader of the Istiqlal Party, and other extreme nationalists, Moroccan irredentist objectives include huge chunks of the Spanish and French Sahara, bites out of the Federation of Mali in the Senegal basin, and the whole of the Republic of Mauretania, which by what seems to have been a free vote of its population is a member of the French Community.

Official expressions of Morocco's intentions about Mauretania were given and—thanks to VOA transmitter—extensively disseminated during the visit to Morocco early in May of Indonesia's President Sukarno, a doughty irredentist in his own part of the world. "The two chiefs of state affirm the Moroccan character of Mauretania," said the communiqué that closed Mr. Sukarno's stay in Rabat, "and they grant their support to the Mauretanians in their struggle for liberation and in their freely expressed desire to rejoin the Moroccan community."

Our radio pact with Morocco is a risky gamble right now because at almost any time domestic upheavals might sweep into power extremist Moroccan leaders who would put our equipment to still more harmful uses. I have visited Morocco three times in the last four years—most recently in February and March of this year—and each time I have been impressed by the steady deterioration of the economic and political situation.

"The visionaries of the Left have proved just as demagogic and tyrannical as the fanatics of the Right," a prosperous Moroccan businessman remarked to me early in March. "Between them they have ruined this country."

THERE HAS BEEN a latent political crisis in Morocco since the beginning of 1959, when the largest and most important nationalist party, the Istiqlal, split apart. Toward the end of April a new and particularly explosive element was injected by a clique of senior army officers, civil servants, and police officials, allied with conservative business and landowning interests; they hoped to exploit the present public weariness with partisan strife to throw out the left-wing nationalist government of Abdallah Ibrahim and set up a more authoritarian, ostensibly apolitical régime. The real if not the nominal head of the proposed régime, modeled largely on that of Jordan's King Hussein, would be the chief of staff of the Moroccan Army—ambitious, energetic, intelligent young Crown

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Prince Moulay Hassan. To some degree, this has already happened. The king has dismissed Premier Ibrahim, and on May 23 he announced that he himself would take over the administrative power of the government, exercising it through his son.

Some French students of Moroccan affairs believe that the municipal and rural elections held on May 29—the first in Morocco's history as an independent nation—may prompt King Mohammed V to go even further in setting up the kind of government his son desires. Inauguration of such a régime may put VOA in the slightly embarrassing position of lending its transmitters to make Africa safe for palace rule, but it would have many advantages. Prince Moulay Hassan and his military supporters believe in a policy of co-operation with France and the West generally. By enforcing such a policy they would doubtless draw back some of the French and other foreign investment capital for lack of which the Moroccan economy is steadily declining.

The only flaw in this rosy picture is that the doctrinaire leftists of the principal labor organization, the Union des Travailleurs Morocains (UMT), and in Mehdi ben Barka's National Union of Popular Forces, along with some elements of the conservative Istiqlal itself, distrust the crown prince and consider the kind of régime he favors equivalent to fascism. Their hostility increased last February when the national police—apparently on direct orders from the palace without the knowledge of the leftist ministers—arrested a number of left-wing resistance leaders, including ben Barka's chief lieutenant, and charged them with plotting to assassinate Moulay Hassan.

Armed insurrection flared briefly during March and April in the mountains of central Morocco when a senior local official affiliated with ben Barka's movement and suspected of complicity in the alleged assassination plot murdered the political inspector sent to investigate him and fled with a couple of hundred followers to try to stir up the mountain tribes. The chief of police of Marrakech with some supporters made an attempt to join the rebels but was shot down, and the Royal Army eventually quashed the rebellion by capturing the fugitive official.

The Left showed its teeth more effectively in a one-day nation-wide general strike. It then threw down a defiant challenge to the king himself by denouncing the scheduled municipal elections as politically meaningless and clamored for immediate national elections to choose a constituent assembly. The job of the proposed assembly, declared ben Barka's National Union with the solid backing of the UMT, should be "to draft a democratic and liberal constitution recognizing the people as the source of all power." Morocco today is an absolute monarchy with theocratic overtones, but King Mohammed V, a prudent and tolerant statesman, has hitherto conducted himself like a western constitutional ruler, delegating fairly substantial authority to his ministers and choosing them from the parties or ideological movements that seem to enjoy the most public support. He has in the past indicated willingness to see Morocco evolve into a democratic constitutional monarchy, but has stressed the need for moving in this direction by gradual stages. The National Union's truculent demand for immediate constituent elections was a direct slap at Mohammed V which shattered the post-independence tradition of the throne as a sacrosanct national institution above

partisanship and transformed the simmering political crisis into a crisis of the régime itself.

This conflict between the Left and the throne may fester for years—or it could erupt into revolution and chaos tomorrow. A constructive and bloodless solution is not impossible either, but the possibility of a successful leftist coup along the lines of the one that brought General Kassem to power in Iraq cannot be completely ruled out.

The Moroccans are a proud, gifted and attractive people, but the unhappy last three decades of the protectorate, when the French, scrapping the enlightened colonialism of General Louis Lyautey's day, fought nascent Moroccan nationalism with every weapon from murder to Marxism, have badly warped their national outlook. Contemporary Moroccan nationalism, particularly as interpreted by the country's left-wing intellectuals, suffers in an aggravated form from most of the tensions, delusions, and confusions that afflict undeveloped, newly liberated colonial territories anywhere.

A Taste for Bifteck

One of the most lucid and objective foreign observers I met during my last trip said: "The strains are not merely between political parties and factions. They are inside factions and groups. In fact, they are inside each Moroccan, at the very core of his personality."

Like some other close students of Moroccan society, my informant thought that much of the public strife in the country can be traced back to the intimate conflicts engendered by its unusually rapid transition from medieval traditionalism to twentieth-century patterns of personal and national life. The doctrinaire rigidity of the French educational system, which has been Morocco's main doorway to the twentieth century, has doubtless aggravated inevitable strains by sending home from Paris several generations of Moroccan students haunted by the sterile abstractions of the French intellectual Left and so obsessively westernized in their taste that they are reluctant to marry within their own community, the girls, as a French writer puts it, usually not having learned to appreciate Mozart and *bifteck*.

The deepest alienation is not, perhaps, between doctrine and doctrine or even individual and individual in Morocco, but between word and fact. "Moroccans allow themselves to be carried away by words and forget the need to come to grips with their real problems," the expert continued. Not only do Moroccans often become almost literally intoxicated with the sound of their own words, he maintained, but rival demagogues

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trying to capture or hold public attention paint ever brighter images of pie in the sky or ever darker ones of imminent peril on earth, with the result that their listeners become more and more divorced from reality. When reality somehow manages to force itself on them, the shock is traumatic.

AN EXAMPLE of the synthetic nightmares that demagoguery creates in the Moroccan public mind was called to my attention just after the Agadir earthquake during my recent trip. The chief pro-government daily, ben Barka's *Ar Rai Al Am*, quoting from the Rabat correspondent of the Ghana *Times*, reported that unnamed Moroccan officials had information that the earthquake was caused by a secret French atom bomb exploded underground. (A few days later a more lurid version of the same story bounced back from Cairo.) In the shock-dazed condition of Moroccan public opinion at the time, the rumor could well have touched off an outbreak of mob fury against the French colony in Morocco, and the editors of *Ar Rai Al Am* knew this full well.

The incident underscores a particularly tricky aspect of VOA's agreement with the Moroccan radio. Despite the low rate of literacy, in Morocco as in many other undeveloped countries public opinion reacts almost as rapidly to the stimuli that reach it via radio, mobile loudspeakers, and illustrated handbills as it does in industrialized nations with a high literacy rate. But decades of exposure to such stimuli, combined with a measure of general education, have developed in even the most suggestible of western audiences a minimum of critical judgment in evaluating rumors or slogans that is rarely encountered in Africa—certainly not in Morocco. This dangerous lag between the development of mass communications and the maturity of public opinion is matched by a lag between technical craftsmanship and standards of journalistic—or merely civic—responsibility on the part of the manipulators of mass media.

According to Jean and Simone Lacouture, whose *Le Maroc à l'Epreuve* is both the most authoritative and the most fair-minded French study of contemporary Morocco, the weakness of Moroccan publicists for playing with fire was a significant factor in the ghastly massacre of European settlers at Meknes in October, 1956. "One can imagine," the authors remark, "what would be unleased in this country if the all-powerful radio, instead of playing an educational role, became the mouthpiece of *Jihad* [religious war]."

Split-Level Thinking

Even those Moroccan journalists who are most conscious of their responsibilities are handicapped by the tendency they share with other members of the Moroccan elites toward a kind of split-level thinking that seems to blind them to even the most flagrant contradictions. The articles and editorials of the Moroccan press and radio favor good relations with the West but seldom miss a chance to attack specific western interests; they fulminate against foreign interference with the internal affairs of sovereign states while simultaneously helping the F.L.N. in Algeria and calling on the Mauretanians to overthrow their government; they welcome foreign investment but employ a mixture of xenophobia and primitive economics —sometimes dressed up in crypto-Marxist terminology—to justify the grotesque restrictions that increasingly paralyze foreign enterprise. French newspapers covering the May Day parade in Casablanca organized by the UMT gleefully juxtaposed photographs of the leading floats demanding evacuation of the remaining French military forces with the doleful banner at the tail end carried by a delegation of unemployed workers from recently abandoned French bases asking "Work for the Jobless Resulting from the Evacuation."

The *mystique* of anti-colonialism is, of course, one of the major factors that distort the thought patterns of both politicians and journalists in Morocco. Their anti-colonialism is exacerbated by their internal power struggles because accusing your adversary of being "soft" toward colonialism is one of the favorite weapons of Moroccan demagoguery, and public figures of every party and faction spur themselves to frenzied outbursts of verbal anti-colonialism to escape the accusation. There is also, particularly among left-wing intellectuals, a legalistic, doctrinaire quality to Moroccan anti-colonialism and a love of political agitation for its own sake, of filling the lungs with the intoxicating ether of indignation. All this makes them particularly vulnerable to such organs of international and institutionalized demagoguery as the Afro-Asian Peoples' Conference and the Arab League. Through its membership in the latter, Morocco has been led to espouse with synthetic but no less deadly passion the quarrel of the Middle Eastern Arabs with Israel, and to become thereby the carrier in Western and Northwestern Africa of a dangerous political infection.

The Jewish Question

One unhappy result of this has been to create a growing tension in the relations between Morocco's Jewish community of some two hundred thousand souls and the Moslem majority which for centuries has been free of anti-Semitism in the European sense. There is still no generalized Moslem hatred of the Jew in Morocco, and the respect which King

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Mohammed V has repeatedly manifested for the Jewish faith was demonstrated anew this year when Prince Moulay Hassan attended Yom Kippur services in Rabat. In the countryside, and in some of the city slums, however, the constant press campaigns against Israel and "Zionism" are beginning to bear unhealthy fruit; in recent years more and more Jews have been crowding from the smaller villages into the ancient, stifling *mellahs* of the big cities because they no longer felt safe or comfortable among their Moslem neighbors. (Bad economic conditions have also been an important factor in the migration.)

Parallel with this movement among the poorest classes of Moroccan Jews who for centuries have enjoyed separate but equal misery with the Moslem peasant or artisan, a considerable number of middle-class Jews who considered themselves Moroccan nationalists and hoped to play some public role in the new Moroccan state have in many cases begun to manifest symptoms of disaffection toward Moroccan nationalism.

While other factors play a role, the main cause of Jewish-Moslem tension in Morocco is the problem of emigration to Israel. Responsible Jewish leaders in Morocco have assured me that before independence they were given formal promises both by the leaders of the Istiqlal and by the king that freedom to emigrate—a vital economic necessity from the viewpoint of the local Jewish community—would be granted after Morocco became sovereign. At first various local reasons already mentioned blocked the implementation of these promises. Then in 1958 Morocco joined the Arab League.

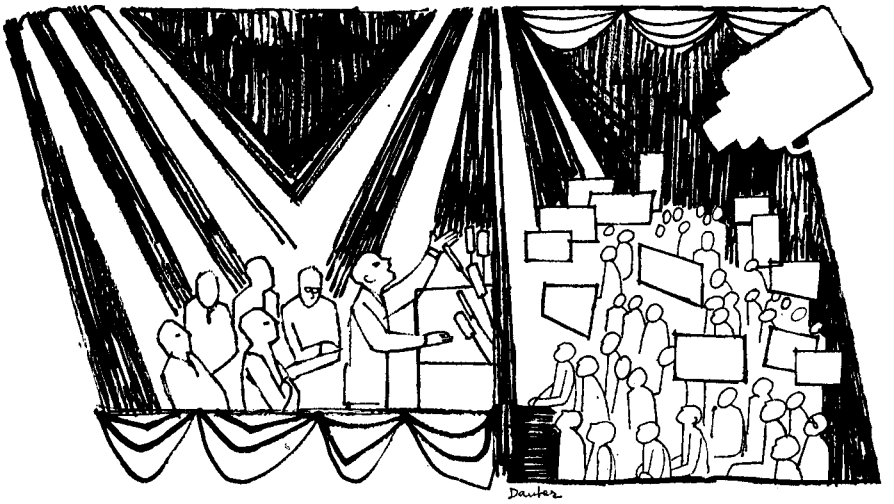
This was a natural step for an Islamic country where even the Berber tribesmen proudly acknowledge their Arab cultural heritage. But the Arab League is not just a cultural grouping. It is a coalition for political and economic warfare against Israel. Just as Moroccan membership in the Afro-Asian bloc at the United Nations and in the Maghreb grouping involves the nation in an incessant artificial campaign of anti-colonialist agitation that poisons the vital relationship with France, so joining the Arab League committed it to a permanent campaign of Pan-Arab demagoguery that could not fail to drive a wedge between the Moslem majority and the Jewish minority. It was no longer enough to forbid emigation to Israel. Lest a single fighting man slip through to bear arms against the enemies of Arabdom, administrative orders had to be issued to crack down on clandestine emigration. Businessmen with no thought of emigrating have been denied visas for trips to France or Spain for fear they might skip from there to Israel.

LAST SEPTEMBER, in obedience to the rules of the Arab League, Morocco broke off postal relations with Israel, thus inflicting considerable hardship on the families of the 125,000 Moroccan Jews now established there.

"Do you think it would have been politically possible for the king to stay aloof from the Arab League?" I asked one of the more militant Jewish leaders.

"Of course it would have been," he replied. "The king simply yielded to demagoguery; by doing so he weakened his own position instead of strengthening it, and that is one reason why things are in such a mess now. But don't blame everything on the Moroccans. The worst demagogues are the great powers, constantly trying to outbid each other for the temporary favor of this or that tribal tyrant, encouraging each new manifestation of mob hysteria as the ideological bulwark against Communism or the harbinger of progress. And if you think things look bad in North Africa, wait until they really warm up in Black Africa."

In the meantime, the Voice of America is doing its share to help warm things up in Black Africa.



New Law, Old Fears

RALPH McGILL

ATLANTA

A COMPROMISE civil-rights bill that pleased nobody has emerged from Congress and is now law. The inevitable question is: What benefits can the Negro citizen, who for so long has been disfranchised in many areas of the South, expect from a bill that was so thoroughly mutilated and watered down by Congressional conflicts?

Negroes in rural counties where fear and intimidation have long denied them the right to register and vote, or have granted these rights only to a token handful, are far from hopeful. An example of this disillusionment was a letter written to a newspaper by a Negro woman teacher in a rural county in Georgia that had not a single Negro on its voters' list. The letter consisted of two lines from Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body*. They were taken from the section that follows immediately after the descrip-

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tion of the hanging of the fanatical prophet:

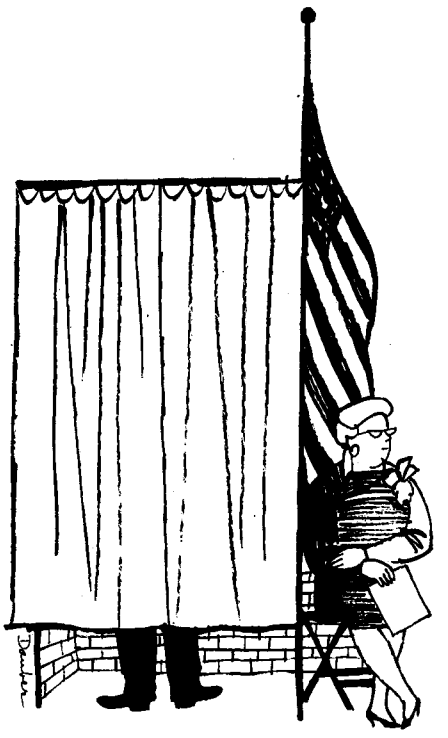
"Slaves will be slaves next year,
in spite of the bones,
Nothing is changed, John Brown,
nothing is changed."

Although there was disappointment, there was none of the defeatism that followed earlier disappointments. "I can't tell you what it is," said a young Negro student in Tallahassee, Florida, a participant in the lunch-counter sit-ins. "I just know how it is with me. My parents learned how to live with segregation, to wait, to go to the back of the bus. They saved and sacrificed on a little farm so as to send me here. In times of deep despair I would imagine I could feel the sweat of my father's and mother's hands on the coins in my pocket. I'd like to live long enough and be a part of whatever it takes to see them have a little dignity in their lives. This new civil-rights voting law will be used. We'll give it a try."

In South Carolina a Negro farmer said: "My boy is grown and in a job up North. My daughter is a teacher in a state where her job is safe. Now, I think, some of us will be willing to make whatever sacrifice is necessary to use the new voting law."

Southern Negroes are realistic about the sacrifices and risks that lie ahead. A Negro teacher in Alabama said: "For Negroes in the counties where violence has been the pattern the new act still leaves a man naked. Suppose a Federal judge does find, as he can't miss finding in some counties, a pattern of discrimination as the bill specifies must be found? And what if the judge then registers those qualified? The Negro still must take that Federal slip of paper and go to the polls with it. And that will be a lonely trip. Yes, sir. Real lonely. He will still find the men there who have refused him before. And they will be hating him. He will still find the black ballot box for segregated voting. Who will protect him or his house? Where will that judge be then?"

The question dramatizes the weakness of the bill. In a Mississippi county where no Negroes are registered, a carpenter whose wife teaches school said: "I don't want my job



cut off and I don't want my wife's job cut off either. I know the law is passed, but we've got to live here. We own a little house. Who'd buy it if we want to move? It might get burned if we stay and try to vote."

In the Black Belt

There are still twenty-nine so-called "goose-egg" counties in which the latest available figures show no Negroes at all registered to vote. Fifteen of these are in Mississippi. Four are in Louisiana. Florida has three. Georgia and Alabama have two each; Virginia, Tennessee, and South Carolina one each. There are other counties that have only a token number of Negro registrants—less than a hundred and as few as seven.

Most of these counties lie in a rough curve that reaches from southern Virginia to east Texas—the old plantation region, or Black Belt. (Originally it was so called because of the rich black soil. Today the phrase has meaning in terms of the high percentages of Negro residents rather than the color of soil.) In this area much of the old plantation-type economy holds on. It still has the highest ratio of Negroes, although that number steadily diminishes by migration to urban areas and industrial jobs, North, East, West, and even in the South.

The politics of all these counties is dominated by agitation over the race issue. They are losing population. Their per capita income is lower than average. Even the white children have never had adequate schools, and until comparatively recent years it was rare to find a high school for Negroes of any sort. The whites in all these counties share an unreasoning fear of the larger Negro population "taking over," and they have, for that reason, created an unwritten but rigidly enforced code. In these counties, for example, the Negro who "dresses up" except on Saturday afternoons and Sundays is made to understand that he is acting "biggity." Most of the Negroes in the Black Belt work as farm laborers or domestic servants. About the only white-collar jobs open for Negroes are in teaching, and few teachers can afford the economic risk inherent in any challenge to the pattern even if they have the courage. Few of the churches have resident ministers. Religion is a weekend or monthly affair, and so there is little if any leadership from churches or schools.

The result is that Negroes of the Black Belt are in general apathetic about the political aspects of citizenship. They know the county is run by a few men. For them there is no real choice of candidates. In each of these counties there are a few qualified men and women who have tried to register, but they know that men have been killed for it. Their homes have been bombed. Still others have lost their jobs, had their credit at the store cut off, or found mortgages on their homes and farms foreclosed. Even relatives have been fired from jobs as a warning against efforts to register. A common saying is that "voting is white folks' business." But there is certainly no reason to conclude, as many white people in these counties do, that this surface apathy means that the Negro is "satisfied" and likes things just as they are. In an attempt to head off increased agitation, there may be some token registration of "trusted" Negroes in these counties.

Outside the Black Belt counties, where repression of voting rights has been most severe, the presence of a Negro population in excess of the white does not always result in disfranchisement. In the coastal

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county of McIntosh, Georgia, for example, Negroes constitute sixty-one per cent of the population; according to the latest available registration lists, there were 1,498 white persons registered and 1,289 Negroes. In five other coastal counties of Georgia, each with large Negro populations, there is a representative number of Negroes registered who vote without overt restrictions. Even in some inland counties a substantial number of Negroes are registered. In other counties with large Negro populations in South Carolina and the other Deep South states, rival factions in county government have registered Negroes in an effort to hold or gain office.

A Beginning

Faced with this immense and complex problem, Negro leaders know they must somehow organize and train their people to earn their rights within the framework of the new legislation. They are up against a lack of political consciousness produced by generations of too little education and even less opportunity to acquire political awareness by practice.

Southern Negro leaders say the Republican Party, if it had the vision, could move far toward establishing a two-party competition in the South simply by offering a plan to assist through local organizations the adult education necessary to increase registration in urban areas. The Negro voter in the South, Democratic since the New Deal, will probably not remain so. There is irrefutable logic in this estimate of the possibilities of a quick gain in G.O.P. voting strength. But in most of the Southern states the white Republican organization, though anxious for power, would hesitate to court the Negro vote publicly and thereby incur the hostility of white Democratic neighbors.

But one thing is clear. If Southern leadership is so blind as to try and thwart the intent of the new voting law, the next Congress will surely strengthen it. For the present it may appear that the despairing Negro teacher from Georgia is right: "Nothing is changed, John Brown, nothing is changed."

Not yet, perhaps. But it *is* a beginning.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Return to India

SANTHA RAMA RAU

DURING the three months that my husband and I and our small son were in the Soviet Union, we lost count of the number of times Russians asked us, "Don't you think our life here is very good?"

"Yes, very good," we always replied, politely refraining from adding "for the Russians."

Inevitably the point would be pressed a little further. Life in the Soviet Union was not only good, we would be assured, but was getting better every day. Certainly on the evidence of the past few years, this was no more than the truth. Usually after this kind of opening exchange, the Russians we met proved to be intensely inquisitive about life in America, my husband's country, and the questions ranged from the price of nylons to American intentions for nuclear war. Sometimes they even showed a faintly patronizing interest in my country, India.

On one such occasion I had a brief and uninspired conversation with a chance Russian acquaintance that I was to remember much later with quite a different feeling. A young man, noticing across a restaurant dining room that I wore a sari, came over to the table where my husband and I were sitting. *"Hindi-Russki bhai-bhai!"* he announced proudly—a phrase Russians learned when Prime Minister Nehru visited their country, a phrase they love to use, which means in Hindi, "Indians and Russians are brothers."

"Hindi-Russki bhai-bhai," I replied dutifully, and then, after the usual opening formalities, the young man started to ask me—or rather, to tell me—about life in India.

With my husband interpreting for us, he remarked, "The Indian people are very poor."

"Yes, they are."

"I have seen photographs. They have few clothes and many have no shoes."

"That's true."

"Most of them are uneducated."

"Yes."

"Many beggars on the streets."

"Yes."

"It must be very distressing to live in such a country."

"No——" I began, suddenly feeling homesick.

But the young man was finished with the subject of India. "In Russia we have a very good life . . ."

AFTER OUR STAY in Russia, I returned with my son to visit my family in India. We flew from Uzbekistan in the far south of Russia, over the magnificent expanse of the Himalayas to New Delhi. The plane arrived after dark and by the time we reached my uncle's house it was quite late at night and we were too tired to do much talking or to pay much attention to our surroundings.

The next morning, with my first glimpse of the newspapers, I was sharply aware not so much that I was in India as that I was out of Russia. One paragraph was enough to convince me. It ran, as I remember, something like this: "Yesterday the Prime Minister opened the debate in parliament on the Second Five-Year Plan with a two-hour speech in his usual diffuse style." I read, and reread, and *reread* the words "his usual diffuse style," remembering the monotonously reverential tone of all Russian newspapers toward all Russian leaders—the ones in favor, that is.

This was trivial enough as an incident, but in the course of that first day a number of other moments—equally minor, equally transient—began to acquire a collective force. I had offered to help with the household shopping, partly because I always enjoy bazaars and partly because I wanted to show my son a little of the city. We started in the

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fruit market, which I'm afraid my Russian friends would have found hopelessly disorganized. No orderly queues, no rationing, no fixed prices, no stern-faced women with string shopping bags waiting in line, dutifully reading signs saying, "Drink fruit juices. They are good for you."

To me an Indian bazaar is a source of endless delight and excitement. It is usually a series of plain wooden stalls on which are piled, with unconscious artistry, brightly colored fruits, vegetables, spices, gleaming silver jewelry, brilliant silks and cottons, or charming, grotesque painted wooden toys. The vendors who can't afford a stall sit on the sidewalk outside the market, their baskets stacked behind them, their wives in vivid cotton saris crouching in the shade, and in front of them are spread carpets of scarlet chillies drying in the sun, small hills of saffron, turmeric, coriander, ginger, cinnamon—all the magical names from the old days of the spice trade with the Indies. With a worn stone mortar and pestle the vendor or his wife will grind your spices for you, blending them according to your particular taste, and weigh them in tiny brass scales strung on twine and balanced delicately in one hand. In all transactions you receive a pleasantly individual attention—nothing is standardized.

The vegetable and fruit and flower merchants are surrounded by baskets of purple eggplant, green peppers, strings of tiny silvery onions, heads of bitter Indian spinach, and a dozen Indian vegetables for which I don't even know the English names. I had forgotten about the profusion of fruit in India—it is only during the brief, intense summer that you see much variety of fruit in Moscow. In Russia as winter approaches, all vegetables except for potatoes and the pervasive cabbage in soup seem to disappear from the menus.

My son was enjoying himself, pouncing on the stacks of bananas—unobtainable in Russia—regarding with some suspicion the papayas and *chikus* which he had not remembered from his last stay in India. He prodded a pile of the tiny, sharp Indian limes to see if they would collapse, an action for which he would have been severely reprimanded in Russia. I was reminded of the evening when we had run into an official of the Ministry of Culture in the lobby of the Metropole, our hotel in Moscow. He had come to the hotel to buy a lemon. It seemed like an extraordinary place to come for such an item, but he explained that there were too few lemons in the winter, so that they were saved for the tourists and the foreigners and could only be obtained, if you were lucky, at an Intourist hotel.

Flowers. This was something I missed very much in Russia, where flowers are a real luxury. I can remember standing at a street corner in Russia, astonished by the sight of a flowerwoman sitting in the middle of a splash of color in those gray streets. The Russians stopped to look too. Not many of them bought the flowers—too costly—but a surprising number paused in the rush to get home from offices, factories, and shops in the shadowy autumn twilight just to feast for a moment on the rare color of a few stiff bunches of chrysanthemums on a street corner.

All around us, in Delhi, there were flowers. Yes, it is a tropical country, and yes, the climate makes this possible—but there was a personal pride and feminine joy in the countrywomen who tucked a marigold casually into their hair, who wove roses into small hoops to wear more formally around the knot of hair on the back of the head. I realized then that I had missed all this in Russia: the pleasure of women in being women, a sense of decoration, an unquestioned right of anyone to the small, cheap luxuries and gaieties.

But most impressive—to me anyway—are the people in an Indian bazaar. First of all there is the inquisitiveness that often embarrasses foreigners. When you are engaged on an errand as prosaic as buying potatoes, in the course of the transaction your vendor may well ask you any variety of what my American friends would call personal questions. How old are you? How many children do you have? Only one? (A commiserating shake of the head.) Better hurry and have another before you are too old. Where do you live? Is your mother-in-law alive? Inevitably I made the comparison with Russia, where this kind of passing, interested exchange (between Russians) is so suspect. The right to express ordinary human curiosity about a fellow countryman came to seem like an unusual privilege.

Meanwhile, the brisk, canny routine of bargaining would be going on, and the whole performance would be interspersed with jokes and cracks and comments. Next to me a man, bargaining for a basket of tangerines, remarked to the old woman standing behind the stall, "Clearly you believe in the soak-the-rich program." This was the popular description of India's new taxation policy. The woman looked amused and replied drily, "Give me your income and I will gladly pay your taxes." And the bargaining went on without rancor—it was all very Indian, or rather, un-Russian.

We finished our shopping and summoned a boy to carry our purchases out of the bazaar—another small, cheap luxury.

On our way out of the market, we had to pass the familiar barrage of beggars on the sidewalk and, as usual, gave them the small change left over from shopping. Even my son was struck with the contrast to Moscow. "Why are they asking for money, Mummy?"

"Because they are poor, darling."

"Why are they poor, Mummy?"

"India is a poor country, darling. Too many people and not enough food."

"We could give them some of our fruit."

"Well, that's what we've done in another way. We've given them some money to buy whatever they choose."

Then I was left wondering, as so often in the past, about the ethics of begging and giving. It is easy to win approval from foreigners by deploring two elements of Indian life—the caste structure and begging for a livelihood. The best that can be said about either of them is that it is gradually disappearing. However, it would be less than honest to pretend that social malaise is all that is involved in either system. The goals in the Hindu view of life are not the same as those of

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Russia or the western world. Indeed, India's highest caste, the Brahmans, are traditionally sworn to poverty. Ambition, getting ahead, comfort, success are obstacles, not aims, in the Hindu concept of a good life. Enlightenment is reached, if it is reached, when you have detached yourself from worldly considerations and emotional drives of any sort, so it is not surprising that many of India's most respected "holy men" are, in fact, beggars, or perhaps live on unsolicited contributions from strangers, disciples, casual visitors.

What in the West is almost always a degrading occupation can, in India, be a high achievement. Not, of course, that all beggars are religious mendicants. Many are simply poor, or sick, or unemployed, or seeking a little extra income. If, to a westerner, they are an embarrassment or raise guilts about his own privileged life, to an Asian they are more likely to engender a down-to-earth recognition of conditions as they are and an urge to contribute in a small way to a social responsibility. This is combined with the knowledge that there is no society, including the Russian, in which privilege is unknown. Money, birth, education, accomplishment, something makes a class (or caste) structure. The Hindu view is not to rise to a higher level of privilege but to rise beyond the concern with privilege and levels altogether. It is hard enough to explain this attitude to a sympathetic, philosophic westerner; it is impossible to describe to the average Russian, to whom spiritual values seem to be mysterious, unacceptable, or discredited.

Could the Indian government, like the Russian or the Chinese, abolish beggars with a sweeping compulsory measure? I suppose it could. Would the cost in undemocratic forcefulness be too high? I think it might. We are committed to raising the standard of living in India, but by different methods, at a different pace—a pace designed to preserve other important aspects of our life. Although a number of these thoughts occurred to me that day at the bazaar, luckily I hadn't the time to try and explain many of them to my son because he was thirsty and was more concerned with demanding a *limonad* of the sort he had liked in Russia. We stopped at a nearby coffee shop.

An Indian coffeehouse, like an Indian bazaar, has its own peculiar atmosphere. It is a cheerful, unpretentious place in which to dawdle, encounter friends, talk, discuss, gossip. Students make fiery speeches to each other; women meet for a break in a morning's shopping; idlers stop by for a rest, to watch the world go by, to pick up a chance colleague. The actual drinking of coffee is the least important part of the whole affair. Looking around at the animated groups of uninhibited talkers at the tables, I couldn't help thinking that this particular sort of place doesn't exist in Moscow. There, one can find restaurants (mostly rather expensive by any standard), or "Parks of Culture and Rest," or hotel dining rooms, and several varieties of bar ranging from the *pivnaya*, where as a rule you can't even sit down, where women are seldom seen, and where the customers walk to the bar, order a drink, down it, and leave all within the space of five minutes, to the *stolovoye*, which is considered more refined, more suitable for women, and where ordinary vodka is not served, though wines and brandy are brought to your table. But India is not a drinking country—even in the states where there is no prohibition. The sight of drunks being thrown out of restaurants with the offhand ruthlessness that the Russians employ for such occasions is extremely rare in India.

Indians meet in public places for sociability, and though poor housing contributes, as it does in Russia, to the life of cafés and restaurants and street corners, still Indians do not meet for the dedicated purpose of getting drunk. They are incurable talkers. At the coffeehouse I found myself once again cozy and amused in the endless stream of comment, criticism, scandal, anecdote, and analysis that accompanies one's days in any Indian society. I like the idea that one can be interested, amused, or disapproving of the activities or remarks of one's neighbors, friends, and acquaint-

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ances, or of political figures, college professors, taxi drivers, and artists. I like the idea that one's concern, malicious or pleasant, in one's fellow countrymen cannot lead to their political harassment.

Listening that morning in the coffeehouse to the flurry of debate that rose from the students' tables about the latest political controversy, interspersed with the social chitchat of the ladies or the shop talk of secretaries, office workers, and clerks, I thought of the sad, sly exchanges we had shared with our Russian acquaintances. I remembered the way conversation with a Russian in a restaurant would stop cold whenever a waiter came to the table or strangers walked by. At first I was astonished to find that Russians are much more willing to talk than I had expected, that people will come up to you in parks, restaurants, on the street, drawn by curiosity to a foreigner, eager to ask and answer questions. But we soon learned, after hearing some deeply intimate confidences from Russians we scarcely knew, that our relations with them were very much in the nature of a shipboard romance. It can be intimate because it is so brief. "I can talk to you frankly," one of our friends said, not wistfully, merely as a statement of fact, "because you are in Moscow only a short time. Soon you will go and we will never meet again."

I remembered a waiter at the Metropole Hotel who had seen us so often in the dining room that one day he drifted unobtrusively over to our table to ask us in muttered conversation and scribbled notes about foreign writers. In return for whatever fragments of information we could give him, he told us about his favorite poet, Valery Bryusov. We had never heard of him, and then learned that he was banned in the Soviet Union. "You see," the waiter whispered, "he is a symbolist." In the rowdy air of the coffeehouse, it seemed incredible that there were places where poetry, even symbolist poetry, was considered too dangerous for the fragile human intellect.

AFTER THOSE early days in India, both the novelty of being home and the continual contrasts with

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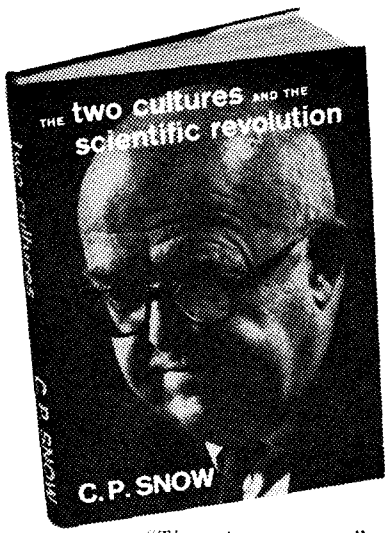

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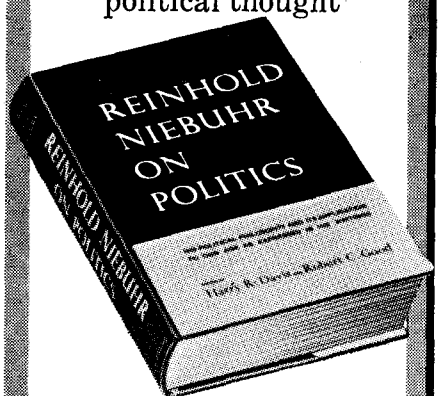

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Russia began to wear thin. Soon I slipped back in the slow pace and familiar daily life of India. My son no longer noticed beggars. I no longer thought of a trip to the bazaar or the coffeehouse as an occasion. I even remembered the cold blue evenings of Moscow with some nostalgia as the Indian climate warmed up to its early spring. But once during that time I had reason to think of my trip to Moscow and of India as a nation with a shock of rediscovery. It was during the Independence Day parade that takes place in New Delhi every January 26.

It is an immense celebration and villagers from all the surrounding areas of the city had been walking into town or arriving in their bullock carts for days before. As the day grew closer all the open spaces of New Delhi were gradually filled with impromptu camps. Carts were unhitched, oxen grazed in the parks, the evening air was filled with the haze of open-air cooking fires for the scanty dinners of the travelers. On the streets you saw everywhere the brilliantly colored full ankle-length skirts and tight bodices of the village women. Each footstep (yes, barefoot, I would have had to admit to my Russian acquaintance) was emphasized by the metallic clink of silver anklets or toe rings. Every time a small child was hitched into a more comfortable position on his mother's hip, the sound of silver bracelets would accompany the movement, The fathers, proudly carrying sons on a tour of the city's sights or carefully washing their oxen at a public fountain, were less decorative but good-humored and ready for a festival. The streets were full of color and excitement and nobody checked the wanderings of the villagers as they looked around their capital.

In Russia you need a permit to travel even within the country, an identity card and an official permit before you may stay at a hotel. For most non-Muscovites, the only way to get to Moscow is to come, as a reward for outstanding service, on a brief "workers' tour" or as a member of some delegation. Chekhov's yearning phrase "To Moscow, to Moscow . . ." has just as intense a meaning now.

The day of the parade brought thousands of villagers and citizens of Delhi to the parade route, lining the roads in a dense, active crowd of mothers, fathers, children, babies, donkeys, oxen. Many families had their lunches tied up in pieces of cloth. Children clutched balloons or candy sticks. Little stalls selling nuts, tea, sweets, and fruit sprang up everywhere. I was lucky enough to have a seat on one of the bleachers outside the president's house where the procession started, and next to me was an old man in a worn khaki sweater and army trousers. A faded patch on his arm said "Engineers." He was obviously a veteran, obviously now retired, and obviously he had never been higher in rank than the equivalent of a sergeant.

When the procession began with the arrival of the Indian president, the old man stood up to get a better view. All the pomp and ceremony of viceregal days surrounded the appearance of the president—the outriders, the cavalry escort, the great coach drawn by matched horses, guarded by lancers. Out of the coach stepped a small thin man in a brown *achkan* (the Indian jacket), narrow trousers wrinkled at the ankles, a Gandhi cap on his head. He looked embarrassed by the flashy display that surrounded him. Smiling shyly, he brought his hands together in a *namaskar*, the Indian greeting, and hurried to his place on the reviewing platform. This in no way discouraged the old man next to me. He raised his hands in a *namaskar* above the heads of the people around him. With tears streaming down his face, he yelled (apparently convinced that the president could hear him), *"Namaste ji! Jai Hind!"* and continued with such fervor that the rest of us near him suddenly found ourselves joining in a tribute from an Indian who had spent all his life in the British Army to an Indian who represented, at last, the fact that all this and India itself belonged to all of us.

The parade was splendid as such things go—a vast cavalcade of camels, elephants, ski troops, horsemen, the tough Gurkhas, the bearded colorful Sikhs—all the diversity

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and pageantry of India. But I am not really very keen on parades. They worry and depress me, and while this fantastic procession was going on, in my mind I had slipped back to the day of the fortieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution in Moscow. Another parade. Of a very different sort. There were no crowds lining the sidewalks—the streets had been cleared for security reasons. There was none of the good-humored pushing and shoving and wriggling of small children to get to the front where they could see best. Color? Pageantry? No, a few people in the factory workers' groups in the procession carried paper flowers, and one realized in a moment how seldom one saw color on the streets in Moscow, how rarely the drab grays and browns of the city were ever lightened by even so much as a pretty shop window. Mostly the Russian parade was grimly military, tanks and guns and huge rockets, and ranks and ranks of marching soldiers.

At the end of our parade the tribesmen from the Naga hills came by to do a dance in the street in front of the president. Predictably (it couldn't happen in Russia), they were late in getting started. Consequently they clashed with the fly-past of the new Indian jets. Watching the two performances simultaneously, I could only think I would never have been able to explain to that anonymous Russian acquaintance of mine the appeal of Indian casualness, of the need for color, ease, humor—the joy of an Indian festival.

Poor and undernourished and undereducated, yes. But in India, people turn out every election day in a larger percentage than anywhere else in the world to *choose* a government. They make a real holiday of it, decorating their ox-carts and dressing in their best clothes to go to the polls. Certainly one cannot pretend that there is nothing in India that needs to be changed, but somewhere in all this is a confidence and pleasure in being Indian, and in the country's ways. And, yes, those ways are very different from Russian ways.

WELL, IT NEVER FAILS: one always sounds sentimental in trying to say things like this. Perhaps it is just as well that I never got a chance to explain to that remote young man in Moscow how I feel about India.

From a Magic Garden

FRED GRUNFELD

THE GERMAN *lied,* the epitome of all that was most endearing about Germany when lilacs bloomed in the courtyards there, flourished for a hundred years and then became extinct. What began gloriously with Franz Schubert when melody was in its heaven ended with Richard Strauss at a time when all was not right with the world. The *lied* thrived on enchantments and illusions; like a sundial, it recorded only the sunny hours of German romanticism.

An extraordinary postscript to the concluding chapter of the *lied* appears in one of Decca's new releases of imported Deutsche Grammophon albums—a collection of fifteen songs by the seventy-three-year-old Swiss composer Othmar Schoeck, performed by the baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and the pianist Margrit Weber. Schoeck, whose name and style are virtually unknown in the United States, has produced some four hundred songs over the years. Judging from this recording, the first representative group of his works available here, he deserves a respectable niche of his own, next to such minor masters of the *lied* as Karl Loewe, Robert Franz, and the forgotten Dane Adolf Jensen. Perhaps Schoeck acquired his conservatism during his years of study with that formidable traditionalist Max Reger; at any rate, his music scarcely acknowledges the twentieth century. The songs create their own atmosphere; they bring to mind a comfortable drawing room with a china

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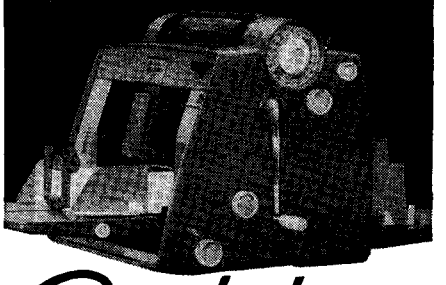

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cat on the mantel, the piano covered with a lace mantilla, and sets of leather-bound classics carefully kept behind glass doors. The texts of his *lieder* are drawn from these classics, the same poets whom Schumann, Hugo Wolf, and Strauss had set to music: Goethe, of course, the restless Mörike, Eichendorff the nature lover, and the two Swiss romantics, Gottfried Keller and Conrad Meyer. Schoeck must be aware of his position as the last of German Mohicans, for by his choice of material he surrounds himself with the lost dreams of a bygone era. A certain autumnal calm pervades his melodies, and the piano accompaniments, as full of subtleties as Wolf's, often strike a wistful note of reminiscence. Yet they are not fossil forms or museum exhibits; Schoeck's songs have enough taste and imagination to justify the loving labor that Fischer-Dieskau, the foremost *lieder* baritone of recent years, has obviously brought to this album.

ONLY THE FIRE is lacking in Schoeck's songs, the unmistakable spark that, in the greatest *lieder,* is struck when the hammer of music meets the anvil of poetry. In a truly superlative *lied* the text serves the composer only as a point of departure, just as a landscape activates the artist's brush, more as a pretext than as the model for his painting. By prompting a tune or hinting at a phrase, the poem may trigger the mysterious processes of musical invention. The rest, in the finest songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Wolf, comes about in such an unforced and inevitable fashion that the muses must be held responsible. Schubert, particularly, wrote his *lieder* in a creative trance; using his knack for the instantaneous, he once composed six of his superb *Winterreise* songs in a single morning, and sometimes completed as many as seven or eight *lieder* a day. "When I finish one, I begin another" was his laconic explanation. Hugo Wolf, who knew well enough what it meant to work in the white heat of inspiration, described the Schubert phenomenon as "an agreement between the fates and the muses . . . From the very first, since he had only half a normal life span, they gave him the fruitful isle of song as his eminent domain, so that in his short time on earth he could use his endless stream of melody to grow a magic garden of flowers that will never fade."

SCHUBERT'S miraculous cycle "The Miller's Beautiful Daughter"—*Die Schöne Müllerin*—is based on verses by Wilhelm Müller that would hardly rate one star in a guidebook to literary Germany. For a composer accustomed to transcending his material, however, they were enough to set off a creative chain reaction. The piano played a crucial role in Schubert's approach to these nondescript poems, a point best demonstrated in the new Decca-Deutsche Grammophon stereo recording by Ernst Haefliger and Jacqueline Bonneau, which throws the accompanist's part into sharp relief. The miller's beautiful daughter lives, not surprisingly, on the banks of the millstream where her father plies his trade. It is the foaming, tumbling brook that courses through the standard landscape of nineteenth-century German poetry, and as a sonic image it was made to order as a unifying element in a cycle of *lieder.* Schubert regarded it as the prime mover of his story, for it made the miller's wheel go round, brought the lovers together, shared their joys, and washed away their sorrows. The hero, a journeyman miller, first encounters the brook in the undulating piano accompaniment as he "hears a streamlet gushing, from out its rocky bed" (as the usual translation has it). The unruly stream is at its busiest in the next *lied* of the cycle, where its power is harnessed to the miller's wheel, and here the printed pages bear clusters of piano notes that even look as though they were churning up a spray. Farther downstream is a quiet place where, in a romantic interlude, the young miller sheds a passionate tear or two; we hear them splash like raindrops in the accompaniment. Schubert relies on that incredible brook, as it "fumes and frets and foams," to underscore the agitated emotions of his protagonist, until at last *"Des Baches Wiegenlied"* lulls the wretched wanderer to sleep with the wavelike rhythms of a lullaby. The girl, of course, has proved faithless, preferring the dashing huntsman to the unhappy 'prentice. In the new two-record set, Haefliger and Bonneau carry off their assignment with considerable style and spirit, though on many points of interpretation they fall far short of the memorable Aksel Schiotz-Gerald Moore recording, a version now unhappily missing from American catalogues. (The cognoscenti are buying imported Danish pressings when they can find them.)

Cesare Valetti's flexible tenor voice has the proper weight and warmth for Schumann's *Dichterliebe,* another incomparable *lieder* masterpiece, which he and the pianist Leo Taubman have just recorded for RCA Victor. Though here again the Aksel Schiotz version has yet to be displaced, the new edition is the first to do sonic justice to Schumann's delicate balance between voice and piano, to the dynamic tension that underlies the deceptive charm of these songs. In the "Poet's Love" cycle, composer and poet were uniquely and evenly matched: Heine's bitter irony and playful romanticism struck the most sensitive sympathetic chords in the amorous and satiric Schumann.

HAD the *lied* continued on this plane, as a form of intimate, double-edged revelation, it would have remained at once the most demanding and the most rewarding kind of music. But the weight of German opera crushed the *lied* soon afterward, the propagandist replaced the poet, the art song capitulated to the bombastic music drama. Schumann himself may have seen the end in sight on that memorable occasion when he received a visit from Richard Wagner. "Schumann is an extremely gifted musician," Wagner reported, "but an impossible person. I talked about French musical affairs, then of German. I talked about literature and politics, but he remained practically mute for the length of an hour. You can't always talk alone." Schumann, for his part, noted merely that "Wagner was certainly a well-instructed and clever man, but he talked incessantly and in the long run that becomes intolerable." The art of the *lied* is essentially that of saying much while talking little.

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BOOKS

The Master Builder

GEORGE STEINER

THE AFFAIR, by C. P. Snow. *Scribner. $4.50.*

The root of the word "poet" denotes "one who makes"; an *auctor* is "one who adds." The fact of creation and enlargement is implicit in the art of the novelist. He builds a coherent reality inside and against the reality of the actual world. He constructs an imagined community with its own social relations, its habits of feeling and its history. If his ambitions reach so far, he will add to this community from novel to novel until he has created a vision of reality broad and intricate enough to stand beside the real world in challenge and critique. Where the architect of the imaginary is a great master, his edifice will outlast that of actual historical fact. The France created by Balzac, that Napoleon of words, is more alive for us than that of the historian. When the details of the Dreyfus affair and of French social life at the turn of the century will have moldered into the dust of old newspaper files, the Paris and Normandie of Proust will stand solid, marvelously round to the touch of remembrance, and, in the final analysis, with an authority of record greater than that of literal truth. On the map of the United States, no county is more immune to gerrymandering or oblivion than that dark landscape of which William Faulkner has proclaimed himself sole owner.

Of novelists at present building a kingdom in time and imagined space, the most royal of grasp is C. P. Snow. His chronicle, *Strangers and Brothers,* now comprises eight interwoven novels. It spans a period from 1914 to 1953-1954, the year of *The Affair.* It encompasses with sovereign authority of treatment the worlds of learning and of politics, of science and of law, of finance and religion, of the capital and the provinces. In six of the novels the narrator, Lewis Eliot, is an observer only partially involved in the action. *Time of Hope* and *Homecoming,* on the other hand, are accounts of his direct experience and suffering. But this is too crude a division, for the focus alters subtly from work to work. At times, Eliot is outside the crisis; elsewhere he is drawn midway toward the center. This allows Snow to combine the objective, governing vision that we find in Balzac and Trollope with the immediate involvement and drama of Proust's first-person narrative.

To construct a world so varied in its milieu and so intricate in its technical pursuits, and to be an actor in it, requires from the novelist a tremendous range of knowledge and personal experience. This Snow possesses. He has dipped more largely into the stream of life than any novelist since Stendhal, whom he

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resembles in his flair for power and the realities of social conduct. Snow has been in turn a research chemist and teacher of science, a senior civil servant and company director, a dramatist and a writer of prose fiction. He now sits at the hub of the Establishment, casting his knowing eye over every aspect of academic, scientific, and literary life. He is as familiar and unobtrusively powerful a personage in the high, drafty rooms of the Ministry of Labour as he is under the arched gates of Cambridge colleges. Alone, perhaps, among men now active, he combines the humanistic with the scientific vision, and his recent essay on *The Two Cultures*—the perilous split between art and science—has become one of the most discussed statements of the past decade. In Snow, the act of fiction is not a retreat from life, as it was in Proust and Joyce, or a fanatic commitment to a single pursuit, as it was in Balzac. It is the craft of a man of many skills extending to words the familiar governance that he exercises in the actual proceedings of intellectual, social, and political domains.

ONLY SO DIVERSE and authoritative a talent could have produced *The Affair*. It stands with *Time of Hope* and *The Masters* as the best in the series. And it goes beyond any of the previous novels in weaving the varied strands of Snow's interests into a single dramatic design. We are back in that Cambridge college where the tense election of *The Masters* took place. But the problem this time goes deeper than power and person. It involves no less than the truth of scientific statement and the nature of justice. Sixteen years have passed since Crawford's election as master, and the college has changed; it is more vulnerable to the exactions and political winds that blow in from the outside world. It is characteristic of Snow's subtle response to the times that the crisis in *The Affair* is triggered in America. American scientists have denounced as fraudulent a photograph and the attendant scientific argument on the basis of which Donald Howard has been elected to a fellowship. The case seems clear, and Howard's defense is as stiff and inept as was that

of Captain Dreyfus (whose shadow appears throughout the novel). The young scientist is dismissed and "the affair" appears to be over even before it has begun.

But matters are not so simple as they would seem. Gradually, there emerges a very faint chance that injustice has been done. The fraud might have been committed in some inexplicable moment of overconfidence or senility by the old and now departed scientist who supervised Howard's dissertation. Howard is a gross, unattractive opportunist with the manners of a drover. The very Fellows who take up his meager cause are the ones who dislike him most for his boorishness and his leftist politics. As Clemenceau asked, when he finally saw Dreyfus, "Is that the abysmal little man for whom I have fought so hard?" Francis Getliffe, now a renowned scientist, risks his chances for the next mastership; Skeffington, who personally loathes Howard, knows that by supporting him he is probably sacrificing his own future; Martin Eliot, Lewis's brother, may be gambling away his senior tutorship and his opportunity of living out his career amid the friendship of those whom he most respects.

But there is no turning back. After a first reconsideration of the case, in which Howard is again condemned, his angry, harried backers call in Lewis Eliot, a former Fellow, now an eminent lawyer and civil servant. The senior court of the college calls on legal advice of its own, and the entire affair is argued out in a long, brilliant confrontation. The venom of possible truth eats through friendship, good manners, prudence, and the spider web of mutual protection that makes up the politics of a high table. The conclusion is profoundly expressive of Snow's astute liberalism. The claims of justice are met; but the claims of behavior and humane good taste are also met.

THE BOOK ABOUNDS in the kind of scenes for which Snow is famous: the close-reasoned, exceedingly subtle, and even cunning debate of men confined in small circles of power and professional rank. In Snow, intellectual and moral argument has a lucid immediacy that is nearly sensual. Nothing he has written has a more passionate logic and complexity of dramatic control than the final sessions of the senior court. Lewis Eliot brings the arrow of doubt closer and closer to Nightingale, the bursar of the college and a man whose acrimonious ambitions are known to us from *The Masters*. The instant in which Nightingale erupts, abandoning the courtliness of ritual and going over to naked hatred, is a classic in the art of narrative.

But there are other elements, touches new in Snow, and over which the reader tends to pass too quickly precisely because the plot is so relentlessly exciting. I am thinking in particular of Gay, the immensely ancient, doddering Icelandic scholar. Persuaded that he is being excluded from college functions that are the due of his seniority, the mad, enchanting old man prepares to sue the Fellows. It is all high comedy of a kind rather rare in Snow's work. And there is the study of the relationship between Lewis and Martin, a study taking us back to *The New Men* yet giving also a larger dimension to the general meaning of *Strangers and Brothers*.

Snow conducts *The Affair* with such majestic ease largely because he has moved nearer than ever before to identifying himself personally with the narrator. Lewis Eliot has Snow's career behind him, and he has the complex worldliness of Snow's thought and his ability to bridge the literary and the scientific. But this centrality of vision, with all its advantages of control and authentic presentation, has its

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perils. The Snow world is beginning to bear too exclusively the image of its maker. There are no fools in it. All the personages, even those who are in vice or error, share a common quality of adroit perception and an uncanny feel for the drift of social power. The logic of their emotions is always trenchant and articulate. There is no room in this cruelly civilized setting for the stumblers, the bruised, or the childlike. Thus although the exterior range of Snow's fiction is perpetually increasing to include some new aspect of modern English life, the range of potential experience is still rather narrow. And this narrowness at times carries over into the style, giving it a metallic precision too constant for the real chaos of human feeling. By the time passion has reached the surface of the page, it carries the stamp of rational will. When a Snow character collapses, he falls into a kind of hysteria that is even more lucid than reason.

In *The Affair,* Lewis Eliot remarks that music bores him. This is a significant admission. For if there is some notable lack in the superb structure of *Strangers and Brothers,* it is precisely the quality of music. By that I mean the vital, fluid elements of experience that lie outside the grip of logical account and yet give to our lives much of their resonance and mystery. We speak of these elements in architecture when we point to the flowing line or the harmonious accord and when we distinguish a building that is merely asserted mass from one that appears to reflect a continuous vitality of inner growth. In Balzac, the part of music is the allegory and mysticism that plays like an uncertain light around even his most solid personages. In Proust, music is everywhere present, both as a literal art and as the primary symbol for the inward tension and dynamism of sensibility. We feel its absence from the exceeding clearness and linear strength of Snow's fiction. This is, of course, to compare Snow's work with the very finest in the art of the novel. But throughout *The Affair* the comparison with Proust is openly invoked, and it is a mark of Snow's excellence that it can justly be made.

Monument in Provence

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

AN INTRODUCTION TO MISTRAL, by Richard Aldington. *Southern Illinois University Press. $5.50.*

The French Revolution, all of Napoleon's efficient prefects, the persistent attraction of Paris and its demands for centralization—none of these has succeeded in making every part of France exactly like every other part. Nor has any deliberate theorizing about regionalism, artistic or political, succeeded in restoring the ancient autonomy each part once possessed. And yet Provence—denied access to its seaboard by the occupying forces of tourism and traduced by many a native son, particularly by the Alphonse Daudet of schoolboy French—has endured. Painters have helped: Cézanne with his variations on the Mont-Sainte-Victoire, rising pink, mauve, and gray above the gray olive trees; Van Gogh with his café in Arles, warm and bright with the plane trees and the avenue receding into summer darkness. More than any other, Frédéric Mistral has helped, but in the sense perhaps of a monument in a public square. The passerby wonders why the figure is there. He reads the inscription.

Mistral's inscription is lengthy and it is in Provençal, a language accessible to few northern Frenchmen and to even fewer foreigners. It consists in an immense encyclopedia of Provençal folklore, and three or four book-length poems, of which *Mirèio,* if hardly ever read outside Provence, is the best known. It contains the opening lines of a song—

"O Magali, ma tant amado,/Mete la tèsto au fenestroun!/Escouto un pau aquesto aubado/De tambourin e de viòuloun. . ."

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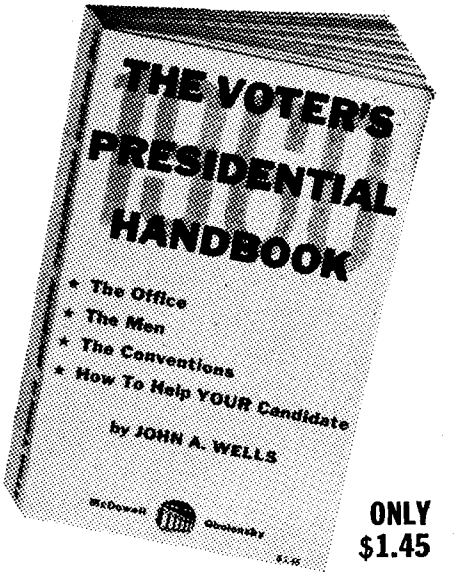

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because it is easily decipherable and has been set to an agreeable tune, is still sung throughout the world. The inscription also reveals that Mistral, in 1904, divided a Nobel Prize with an obscure Spaniard.

FEW NOW IN America would care to read *Mirèio,* even in translation, but Richard Aldington is right in thinking that the poet's totally uneventful life is of interest. In 1914, Mistral died at eighty-four before the great change came. But in his mind a change, threatening the old traditions, destroying local prides and freedoms, half-educating people out of their certainties and assurance, had started long before with the introduction of machinery. He sought to defend—or better, he represented —values that had almost vanished and that he had to reinvent, drawing upon his memories of the time, in the farmhouse at Maillane, when his father in turn had drawn upon his.

This reinvention, this restoration, could not be done through politics, but only, he knew, by preserving, strengthening, giving enduring form to the language, Provençal, through which alone past treasures could be handed on. His encyclopedia and his poems were written for this purpose. The poet taught the faith to his people as if he were a sculptor of the Middle Ages teaching the Faith on cathedral portals.

Ungenerously and inaccurately, sophisticated Parisians thought of Mistral as a peasant of some talent who organized country dances on the village square and recited verses in dialect. They forgot what a peasantry can be, the depository of wisdom and cultivation. Mistral's father read only three books, but he reread them all his life: the Bible, *The Imitation of Christ,* and *Don Quixote* —and Mistral had a brilliant university career. We need not learn Provençal, or attempt to read his books, in order to admire the aims he pursued; what he sought to preserve is what the civilized world more than ever is in danger of losing.

In this quiet book appear, somewhat unexpectedly, rude remarks about statesmen. This is because Richard Aldington (*Death of a Hero,* 1929) still holds them accountable for an early war in which he served.

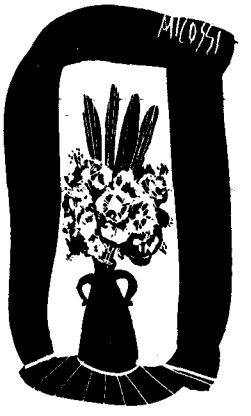
The Poet Against The English Department

ALFRED KAZIN

IN DEFENSE OF IGNORANCE, by Karl Shapiro. *Random House. $4.*

As I sat down to write this review, I noticed in the paper that a critic who has had more than the usual experience of academic life has just published a satiric novel about academic life. There are so many novelists, poets, and critics teaching in America that it sometimes seems as if the only human activity they can write about *is* the academic life. Whenever the writer has had to repress, to tone down, to meet with, it has become routine for him to bite the hand that has just fed him (and that in time will feed him again).

But the deeper complaint that a creative writer is likely to have



against the English departments is that they are so sophisticated. The rebels of 1910-1925—Eliot, Pound, Joyce, Yeats—have become the "modern" tradition and supply all the canons. The writer who knows himself to be an odd duck, who is engaged in finding the language for *his* sense of things, can be so exasperated by the intellectual togetherness of critical opinion, by the self-satisfied airs of those for whom T. S. Eliot has supplied all the answers, that he is tempted to turn into the court jester, the department fool. Where everyone is solemnly concerned with "order" and "orthodoxy" and discovering the marvelous "tenderness" in one stanza of Ezra Pound's delirious *Cantos,* the writer is driven to attack all criticism, to play the part of the wild man, the primitive, the *naïf.*

This seems to me the situation behind Karl Shapiro's *In Defense of Ignorance,* a collection of lectures delivered under academic auspices whose purpose is to attack the cult of "modern" poetry as personified by Eliot-Pound-Yeats and to bring up, as a corrective, the more lyrical, spontaneous, and romantic work of Dylan Thomas, William Carlos Williams, and Henry Miller. Shapiro has for some time been professor at the University of Nebraska; before that he edited *Poetry* in Chicago. Since poets tend as naturally as Marxists and psychiatrists to divide into hostile factions, Shapiro found himself under constant pressure from those neo-orthodox, always anxiously correct people who as a matter of course identify the "modern" tradition in poetry with fear of what Eliot likes to call "heresy."

I WELL UNDERSTAND Shapiro's exasperation with the cult that has set itself up in English departments as *the* tradition of modern poetry. And yet, sympathetic as I am with many of his literary opinions, much as I admire his specific judgments on individual poems and poets—the best feature of his book—I think that he has fallen into the trap of playing literary factions that has been set up for him by his life in the university. The answer of a free and spirited writer to the intellectual neo-classicism of Eliot should not be the *other* intellectual line of —anti-intellectualism. This is a crude and emotional way of discharging the resentment that a creative writer can feel in the university—especially when he is an outsider, an original, an old-fashioned American non-believer or non-Christian. It is exactly the "liberal," easy, conciliatory

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sophistication which sees literature only as a clash of positions that we have most to fear just now, and as a "position" Shapiro's is likely to attract support from both old fogies and the lunatic fringe. The first are against any poetry that they have to think about, the second are interested not in poetry but in being taken for poets.

Shapiro's book is a mixed bag. Insofar as it is a defense of "ignorance," an attempt to set up an attack on criticism and intellectual-

ism, it seems to me weak, bitter, and, worst of all, ineffective. The way to defend "ignorance," if *that* is what needs defending just now, is to stay away from the language of reason, not to tackle Eliot on his own ground of critical argument, and to *be* a naïve genius. Shapiro is anything but this. He has never seemed to me even a passionate poet; his own work is striking for its concrete but detached insights; it is witty and exact in the way it catches the poet's subtle and guarded impressions, and it is a poetry full of clever and unexpected verbal conceits. It is a very professional poetry—supple, adaptable, by no means Dionysian. Like much contemporary lyric poetry, it seems to me imprisoned in "sensibility," muscle-bound except in relation to the poet's specific rendering of a place, a time, a mood. Shapiro's essays are full of the same excellent and detached insights. He is often brilliant in his judgment of particular texts, as luminous and witty then as he is unnaturally programmatic and self-defeating and even a bit hysterical on Eliot as the evil genius of modern literature. "Eliot is untouchable . . . The enemy . . . searches his citadel for an opening and cannot find one. Eliot has long since anticipated every move; he and his men can prevent ingress or exit. Eliot resembles one of those mighty castles in Bavaria which are remarkably visible, famed for their unsightliness, and too expensive to tear down. Life goes on at the bottom; but *it* is always up there."

Yet when Shapiro lives up to his own prescription that the critic should do nothing but judge works of art, when as a fellow poet he takes up those pieces of Eliot's which in university classes are often read only as a puzzle to decipher or as necessary condemnations of contemporary society, he is exhilarating. Criticism *is* discrimination; the only real use a critic often has is in sticking his neck out, in choosing between those works which so many people are afraid or unable to choose from.

There is no better critic than a professional judging in his own field. Much of what Shapiro has to say about particular works by Eliot and Pound seems to me absolutely first-rate. His criticisms of Auden are cruelly shrewd. But the reader of such passages is likely to wonder why so intelligent and witty a critic should, in order to attack the programmatic criticism of Eliot, identify it with *all* criticism. Shapiro has a strong appreciation of William Carlos Williams, but many of his affirmative judgments are really based on Williams's critical pronouncements. He says roundly that Dylan Thomas "was a tremendous talent who stung himself into insensibility because he could not face the obligations of intellectual life, which he mistakenly felt he must. He could not take the consequences of his own natural beliefs." But *why* couldn't Dylan Thomas do that? Why can't any romantic poet do it? It is because every work of literature *is* a criticism of life—of human destiny, of society, of history. To pretend that these things no longer exist, to mistake oneself as a *naïf*, a primitive disengaged from the society that our intellect and sympathies judge all day long, is just self-defeating. It is because Dylan Thomas could not or would not justify his "natural beliefs," because he would not grow up to them as a poet and thinker, that he gave up. Circumstances now press so hard on all of us, the earth is getting so overcrowded and overorganized, that it is perfectly possible to get lost in the shuffle, and there at the bottom to pretend that nothing exists but oneself.

But every writer—every "beat," every disengaged anarchist—criticizes life and society with every word he writes. The better the writer, the more this criticism and his imagination will fuse as one. Shapiro is emotional and unjust on the reasons for Eliot's fame. Eliot from the first made it his responsibility to offer us a constant critique of our society; one can quarrel with the quality of his concern but not with this concern itself. He has been faithful to the human community in our time, to the necessity of saving society from self-destruction. It is this concern, in art, that made Eliot's fame.

And if Shapiro wants to know why Whitman has ceased to mean as much to American writers, the answer is in his own book. He says that Whitman "is the one and only poet of America who has attempted to adumbrate the meaning of America. The twentieth-century poet avoids this commitment, by and large; he considers it fitting and proper to take refuge in History against the horrors of progress . . ." I agree with Shapiro's account of Whitman as a great poet and prophet. But Whitman at his best is identical with faith in America as a political proposition, and you cannot plead for "ignorance" without turning Whitman over to those who see him as just another self-centered homosexual. To believe in Whitman you must believe in his revolutionary politics, in his concern with the masses, in the spiritual leaven of democracy.

It was the decline of this faith that opened the gates to Eliot's Anglomania and Ezra Pound's Fascism, to Allen Tate's celebration of the old South. There was no conspiracy in this, as Karl Shapiro suggests; the triumph of these writers resulted from the despair of those who gave up Whitman's ideals, who no longer trusted in Whitman's America of "great souls," who doubted that out of our mass society would come the spiritual triumph of the ordinary man, Whitman's "forgotten." It was exactly those poets who agreed with Henry Ford that "history is bunk," who thought that Dylan Thomas could escape "the obligations of in-

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THE REPORTER Puzzle 10

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A. 138 66 176 42

He made a bad bargain in ancient times.

B. 36 4 112 192 146 122 56 222

Said with respect to Acrostician. (1, 4, 3)

C. 52 182 22 98 214 172 190 124 18

46 70 40

Peter de Vries subject matter. (8, 4)

D. 76 34 142 136 208 158 8 132 194

202 164 102

Item of apparel admired by Berlin.

E. 24 50 72 184 84 170 80

Goddess of retribution.

F. 58 32 92 68 166 134 178 186

Properly, seppuku.

G. 94 110 54 88 140 60 114 150 206

216 168 20 6 96

What can be gained by drilling in Texas. (3, 4, 7)

H. 86 48 64 200 26 180 128 204 220

Its bird is the robin, its fish the Muskellunge, its motto: Forward.

I. 28 130 156 44 104 74 62 162 154

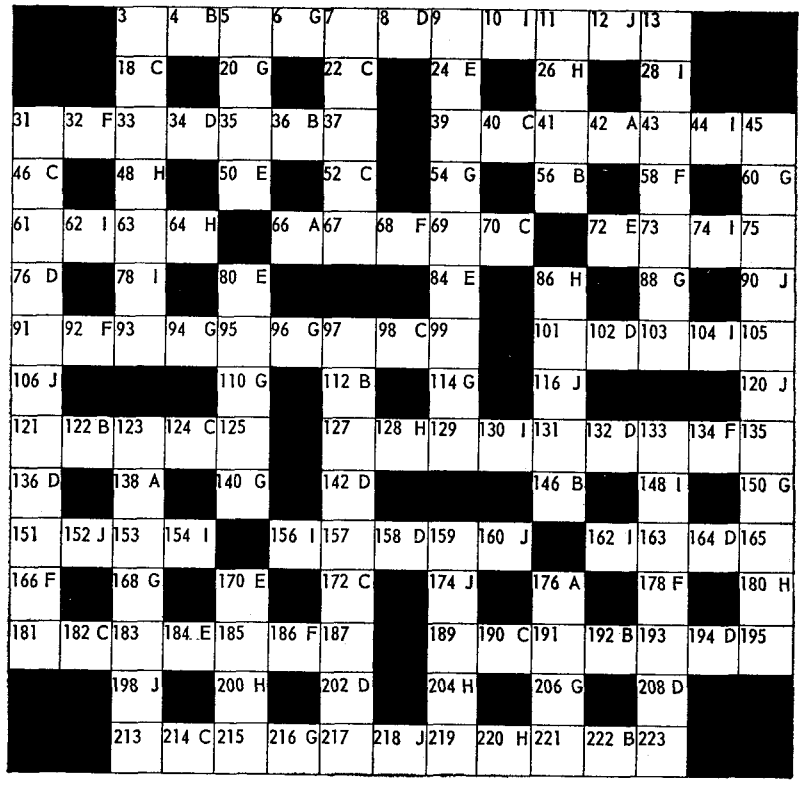
10 148 78

Source of Hemingway's title, "The Sun Also Rises."

J. 152 12 120 106 90 116 198 174

218 160

After them, often, the deluge.



ACROSS

3. Theban zeal I hear marks Shakespearean period.
31. A gilt A-square early Christian land.
39. Five times duplex made cup leak.
61. Six afterthoughts for wheels.
66. Acrostician's former post.
72. This flatland's not the same.
91. Going up Athenian hill will make a roue gasp for breath.
101. Test I upset for Miss Bow's crowd? (2, 3)
121. DDT in a negative sense.
127. Cosy pitch, but nutty.
151. A short Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth which one may take against a sea (of troubles).
156. A king of Persia to make us cry.
162. Space in a real thing.
181. Spanish queen in ingenue lead? Don't lend.
189. Humanity and mink make man sound as he often isn't.
213. Nothing small about this style of behavior, including pa's ma. (5, 6)

DOWN

3. Pill up? See wrong egg shape.
5. Tine where a Roman puts his trust. (2, 2)
7. Bachelor on a tree makes one sheepish.
9. Eternally send yells.
11. Pledge a drink.
13. Get hep in news, oh, my relatives.
31. Tea king Dave is given to Banter. (4, 3, 4)
45. I cabled Stan for a stretch tie. (7, 4)
80. Tip in direction of petty malice.
86. We hit a twig.
97. Bad spying of not a musical but a roving group.
123. Game dog is defined as one who appeals to the populace (alternate spelling).
133. Dogged missile?
159. First class rum bottled in Iranian lake.
170. Cain mixed up in old South American.
176. Presently unknown, in short.

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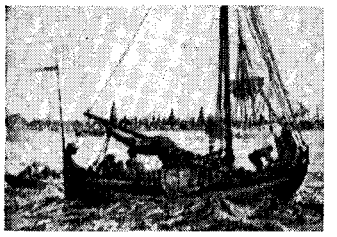
tellectual life," who opened the gates wide to the new medievalists, the dreary croakers whose despair of democracy has always fastened on *The Waste Land.*

But such is Shapiro's own value as a critic, as a celebrant of what he truly loves, that he ends his book with a perfectly splendid appreciation of Henry Miller. Miller—the Miller who in the *"Tropic"* books felt himself one with Emerson and Whitman—*is* the poet of real life, the romantic anarchist that so many rebel writers now try to be out of disgust with the organized society. This is because Miller at his best is powerfully in love with what he writes about. He really accepts life, all of it, in the enchanted and singing style that Whitman hoped the man in the street would find for his life. Very few writers in the romantic, now "beat," style actually feel so strong a love for the facts of ordinary existence. They are afraid of our world. But like all true poets, Miller gives us a taste of the actual joy, energy, and freedom we are starved for. He makes one happy. No wonder that after reading Miller with so much pleasure, Shapiro is convinced that "Combatting the 'system' is nonsense. There is only one aim in life and that is to live it. In America it has become impossible, except for a few lucky or wise people, to live one's life; consequently the poets and artists tend to move to the fringes of society. . . . The American way of life has become illusory; we lead the lives of prisoners while we boast about free speech, free press, and free religion, none of which we actually enjoy in full. The price for security has become too great; abundance has become a travesty."

I LIKE this passage; it speaks that criticism of our lives which reminds one of Chekhov: "You live badly, my friends!" We do live "badly" in this country just now, and the writer who does more than say so, the writer who brings this home to our blood and nerves, as Miller does on occasion, shows us what life can be like. He proves that the critic and the poet are in the true writers always indissoluble—as they are in Shapiro at his best, when he is writing not against the English department but out of himself.

OH, A DREADFUL THING HAPPENED.



WE [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] were in the States recently and we laid on a cocktail party for those who have been corresponding with us. Since we could not invite all 35,000 we wrote to them asking if they would *like* to be invited and would they let us know and we would draw names out of the hat in a sort of Irish Whiskey Sweepstakes. Well, the party was a great success; but imagine our chagrin now to learn that one batch of invitations went by ship, The SS Kon-Tiki, and apparently seaworthiness is not everything for they only arrived a week *after* the festivities. Since we have no idea who received these tardy notices we must ask blanket indulgence. If you were one of the ill-favoured few please write to us and let us see if we can't think of some way to comfort you; short of sending you the Captain's and our own dear heads on a platter.

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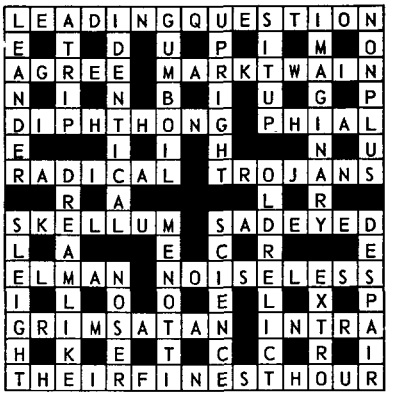

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #9

Acrostician—

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

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ROMAN JAKOBSON

VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY

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Edited and introduced by Patricia Blake, these translations, by Max Hayward and George Reavey, of Mayakovsky's satirical play and numerous poems (with facing Russian text) have been awaited ever since Boris Pasternak renewed interest in Mayakovsky with his statement. "Here was that profound animation without which there is no originality, that infinity which opens out from any one point in life in any direction, without which poetry is only a misunderstanding."

МАЯКОВСКИЙ

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Point Four students from 17 countries visit Puerto Rico to observe Operation Bootstrap

OUR photograph was taken in Puerto Rico, but there isn't a single Puerto Rican present. The people having their picture taken come from seventeen different countries, as far apart as Pakistan and Peru.

They have all flown to Puerto Rico for the same reason. Their countries want them to get a firsthand view of *Operation Bootstrap*, Puerto Rico's famous self-help program.

About the time *Operation Bootstrap* was first getting up a full head of steam, the United States announced its Point Four program to help underdeveloped nations.

Immediately, Governor Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico wrote to President Truman:

"*We have begun to do things that you call for in your Point Four.*

"*If you send your Point Four students to Puerto Rico, they can see our problems and find out how we are tackling them. I'm sure that our visitors will learn things from us, and that we in turn will learn from them.*"

Since then, nearly ten thousand Point Four students have come to Puerto Rico from 118 different countries.

More and more come every year. They study everything from refrigeration to public administration. They visit towns and schools and farms and factories. They take courses at the Commonwealth's booming universities.

Eventually, they go home to apply the things that they have learned. And to report the things that they have seen.

They can say for certain that the democratic principles of *Operation Bootstrap* really work. This is great good news on five continents.

These Point Four students came to Puerto Rico from ▶ Bolivia, British Guiana, Chile, Costa Rica, Ecuador, El Salvador, Grenada, Guatemala, Honduras, Liberia, Nicaragua, Pakistan, Peru, the Philippines, Surinam, Thailand, and the West Indian Federation. Among them are a public health official, a factory supervisor, half-a-dozen home economists, a civil engineer, and a professor of agriculture. Elliott Erwitt took this photograph in the exhibition hall of Puerto Rico's Institute of Culture.

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Empress Chinchilla by Leo Ritter

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the cordial with the Scotch whisky base

For a luxurious after-dinner adventure, there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie. Made with a base of finest Scotch whisky, Drambuie is truly a whiff of the heather, with exquisite aroma and unique dry flavour. Drambuie was the personal liqueur of Prince Charles Edward and has been made in Scotland since 1745 from Bonnie Prince Charlie's secret recipe.

80 P

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